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FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

MR. MERCURY (*God of Trade, to Goddess of Wisdom*). "I say, Miss Minerva, just put up your Shutters, so that I can take mine down."

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine double-page engraving, the beginning of a new Story by* MRS. CASHEL HOEY, *and the conclusion of* "SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR."

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE NON-PARTISAN SILVER LEAGUE.

THE singular political situation becomes daily more evident. The spectacle of Republican and Democratic members of Congress forming a league to promote the passage of the Silver Bill and for other purposes—a league of which General BUTLER and General EWING are leaders—shows that upon one of the most vitally important of public questions party-lines have disappeared. Another significant sign is the tone of criticism upon the Administration adopted by some Republican newspapers. They cover it with contempt. They sneer at the President and members of the cabinet, and in their hostility differ in nothing from the most implacable Democratic sheets which insist that somehow the Administration should be deposed as fraudulent. Again, the undisguised distrust of certain party chiefs on both sides which is felt by important parts of each party shows that the foundations are disturbed, and that the tendencies of the time are to the re-adjustment of party relations. Such movements are not arbitrary. They can not be forced or controlled. But they can be observed carefully, and the side noted to which the intelligence and conscience of the country plainly incline.

When General EWING and General BUTLER take sweet counsel together to devise plans to injure the interests of industry, to wound fatally the public credit, to foster inflation, and to destroy all hope of restoration of that confidence which is indispensable to a return of steady business activity and general prosperity—for this is precisely what their plans mean, in the judgment of hosts of most sensible men—what question is there which can take precedence of that of frustrating such plans, and what is the sense of parties organized upon secondary questions? That General BUTLER may think that he ought to name the postmasters in his district does not make him a Republican, nor distinguish him from General EWING, who doubtless holds the same opinion. And that the Massachusetts general may think that if Mr. HAYES was elected in Louisiana, so was Mr. PACKARD, does not make him a Republican, for General EWING very possibly agrees with him, and, in any case, the question is closed. Parties and party sympathies are determined by actual issues, and if the two generals agree upon the paramount public question, how is one a Republican and the other a Democrat? Upon the same question the Republican Senator MATTHEWS maintains opinions diametrically opposed to those declared by the Republicans of New Hampshire, who emphatically denounce the views of Senator MATTHEWS as dishonorable and ruinous. Is party possible upon these terms? On the other hand, the three Senators last elected or appointed are Mr. VOORHEES, of Indiana, Mr. WILLIAMS, of Kentucky, and Mr. PENDLETON, of Ohio. They are all Democrats, owing their position to Democratic favor, and they are all fanatical opponents of honest finance. Senator BAYARD is a conspicuous Democrat who holds the soundest views upon the subject, but views absolutely opposed to those of his newest colleagues. Upon every measure involving these views of a subject of the very highest public importance Senator BAYARD must vote with Senator EDMUNDS against his Democratic associates and their Republican allies. From a party point of view, is there any sense in such a situation?

If General BUTLER should actually adopt the plan he suggested in the caucus of Republican and Democratic silver men, namely, to resist voting the necessary appropriations in case of a veto, he would do much to shake present party organizations to pieces. It is substantially a revolutionary and therefore unconstitutional plan. Its theory is that the President's veto would be a resistance of the popular will, and that the representatives of the people might justly embarrass an Administration that opposed the people. Such an argument proves too much. General BUTLER'S assertion that the popular majority is in favor of remonetization is not evidence of any thing; it is merely assumption. The evidence, then, is that the majority of the House is presumptively the majority of the people. But, not to say that this is often not the fact, if a majority can rightfully stop the supplies upon one veto, it can stop them upon all. The veto, however, is a perfectly constitutional power, and the Constitution points out the sole method in which it can be lawfully overcome. If the two-thirds vote is not obtained, the proposed law which it forbids fails as constitutionally as if it had not obtained a majority of votes. If the majority should thereupon refuse the supplies until the veto yielded, it would overthrow the plain intent of the Constitution. Should General BUTLER attempt what he threatened, it would not be easy to see upon what ground honest and loyal Republicans could insist that he and they were of the same party. Yet the attempt would be but a question of method. The views which it would seek to put into execution would still be the real ground of party division, and to such views the Republicans of New York are as inflexibly opposed as those of New Hampshire to the views of Senator MATTHEWS.

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATIONS.

THE President has shown another title to the confidence and regard of all honest citizens. The Committee on Expenditures in the Treasury Department having resolved to investigate alleged abuses in that department, its chairman addressed a letter to the President stating the general purpose and the methods by which such purposes were often defeated, and asking his co-operation in the work of discovering and exposing abuses. The letter mentions especially the intimidation of witnesses as one of the chief means of defeating investigations. In other words, clerks who testify to abuses are removed. Mr. GLOVER calls the attention of the President to this fact, and asks his aid. The reply of the President was prompt and cordial:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D.C., *January* 21, 1878.

"DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of a resolution adopted by a committee of the House of Representatives on Expenditures in the Treasury Department requesting my co-operation with the committee in its investigation of alleged abuses in said department. I shall be glad to co-operate heartily with the committee in the proposed investigation, and to that end will issue proper directions to all officers of that or any other department as may be required to secure prompt and efficient assistance in the conduct of the investigation. Touching the suggestion contained in your letter, that witnesses who may testify before the committee may be apprehensive of losing their places if they testify truly and fully, you are at liberty to assure all subordinate officers that the fact of their testifying before the committee shall not be used to their prejudice. Very respectfully, R. B. HAYES.

"Hon. JOHN M. GLOVER, M.C."

This is undoubtedly the tone in which it was the duty of the President to reply. Yet it will surprise many persons that he is willing to help "a hostile House." It is fortunate, however, that Mr. HAYES knows that he is the President of the whole country, and not merely the head of a party.

It is undoubtedly true that such investigations, proposed under the name of purifying the Administration, are generally designed for the benefit of a party. From the time when BOLINGBROKE and his associates sought to investigate Sir ROBERT WALPOLE'S administration down to our own times, the opposition upon gaining power in the legislature seeks to overthrow the Executive by exposure of wrong-doing. The friends of the Administration resist and ridicule, and commanding the entire patronage and the tenure of every office, an Administration can usually baffle the attack except in flagrant instances of wrong that defy concealment. But President HAYES, firm and strong as his political convictions are, is more patriotic than partisan. If a committee of Congress upon its responsibility to the country declares that there are gross abuses and enormous corruption in the Executive departments, due not to one man nor to one set of men, but to the vast extension of the power of the government and the consequent increase of opportunities for irresponsible wrong-doing, he very properly forgets that he is a Republican and that the committee is Democratic, and replies that he will do all that he can to make the investigation thorough, and that no witness need fear to lose his place by reason of any evidence that he may give.

This is said by a President whom every body in the country believes to mean it. He has, of course, and can have, no motives for concealment or misrepresentation. He will have no fear that investigation may wrongfully hurt his party or harm his chances for renomination. If Republican administration has been "increasingly corrupt and oppressive," as the letter of Mr. GLOVER alleges, let us know it; and if it be due to the fact that it was Republican, let us know that also. It is a good time for investigation and for the exposure of misdoing, if misdoing there be. We are glad to see that this is the feeling of such excellent Republicans as General COX and Mr. MONROE, of Ohio, and Mr. A. H. SMITH, of Pennsylvania, and doubtless many more. It is unquestionably the feeling of the best Republicans in the country. The people have the right to know every detail of the management of the government, and the temptation of a party Administration to conceal looseness and extravagance, to say nothing worse, for the benefit of the party is so great that every honest member of the party should be disposed to promote the fullest investigation. It may be abused, indeed, and gross wrongs may be done under cover of exposing wrong-doing. But that is not a reason for evading inquiry. The probability of wrongs is to a certain degree inherent, and the directions in which they should be sought are familiar to experienced men. A thorough occasional research into the details of administration is therefore desirable. It is not enough that offenses should be patent, for one of the worst abuses is skillful concealment. There is no more wholesome check upon evil practices than the knowledge that thorough examination may be made at any time. No faithful public officer fears a smelling committee, and no duty of a legislature is more imperative than that of smelling at every suspicious point of the public service.

TRAMPS AND WORK-HOUSES.

THE report of Chief Detective STEPHENSON, of Massachusetts, throws more valuable light upon the tramp question than any thing that has been published. He left Springfield last July as a tramp, to see the life and ascertain the views and purposes of tramps. For a month he was one of the army tramping through Western Massachusetts toward New York. They slept in barns and in the woods, and lived upon chickens and potatoes and any kind of food that was easily stolen. They tramped in companies, sometimes of eight men, sometimes of twenty, subdivided into squads for thieving and providing. Of a party of twenty that he joined, three were German, two Dutchmen, one Swede, one Frenchman, three Americans, and the remainder Irish. They all carried red and blue chalk, marking the routes for the benefit of those who should come after; and there is a general system of rough mutual intelligence by means of chalk marks, traces of which are observed in cities by the intelligent. It was the time of the railroad strikes, and trouble was expected on the Boston and Albany road, so that some four hundred tramps were assembled along the line ready for pillage and destruction. Plans of burning the small station-houses on the road, and of soaping the rails to stop the cars, were discussed, but as the strike was supposed to be certain, nothing was done. Parties were overtaken toward the end of July which were hastening to join the rioters in Pennsylvania.

The report is an exceedingly interesting and instructive glimpse of the tramping which has become the terror of rural communities. The detectives made it their especial business to ascertain whether it was the want of employment that caused the tramping, and their testimony upon that point is most suggestive: "Of the entire number with whom we conversed, we found but two who did not scout the idea of going to work for the purpose of earning an honest livelihood, and we very much doubt if these two were ready to engage in any laborious employment." Swiftly and silently the evil of tramping has arisen and extended, until many communities have taken measures to defend themselves from a mischief which resembles those that followed the Thirty Years' War in Germany. There is no more imperative duty in every well-ordered neighborhood than to put a stop to tramping, of which poverty is the plea and idleness the motive. The tramp necessarily discredits and injures the honest poor; and those who are most interested in relieving actual suffering, and removing so far as may be the causes of poverty, are most hostile to this peripatetic school of pauperism and crime. It is under the auspices and with the co-operation of the most intelligent friends of a wise method of dealing with the evil that the bill has been prepared which Senator ROBERTSON has presented in the New York Legislature. No State is more interested in the proper management of the subject, and no question is more interesting to the great mass of rural constituents than this of extensive, organized, and threatening vagrancy. We trust that the Legislature will give it the careful and thorough consideration that it merits, and that the law will be made to deal efficiently with this wandering horde ready for disorder and crime.

The bill provides for the appointment by the Governor and Senate of a Superintendent of Work-houses, to hold office for five years. He is to hire from time to time, on behalf of the State, buildings and adjacent land suitable for work-houses for the confinement and employment of vagrants, the sexes always to be separated. He is to be responsible, under the State Board of Charities, for the good management of the work-houses, for which large powers are conferred upon him. All vagrants, upon proper conviction before a magistrate, are to be committed to the charge of the Superintendent for not less than ninety days upon a first conviction, six months upon a second, and indefinitely upon a third. The most careful and detailed records and registries specified in the bill are to be kept, and the duties of the keepers and the methods of expense are all clearly defined. The bill is drawn evidently with great knowledge, and belongs to the class of most useful legislation. It requires the committal of all vagrants to the work-house only except upon the special request of the District Attorney for the county, for cause stated and filed. It is thus an important part of a penal system which would abolish the county jails except for the purpose of detention. This would close the schools of idleness and vice which the county jails generally are, and would put an end to crimes committed to secure warm and lazy quarters for the winter, and by requiring labor of every person committed would reduce their numbers. The change could not fail to result in economy, for no more extravagant and wasteful system than the present could be devised. Fortunately the subject enlists the interest of most intelligent, public-spirited, and resolute citizens, and with the co-operation of the same class in the Legislature, New York may lead in the good work of dispersing the devastating army of tramps.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE FAITH.

IT is unfortunate for the fame of New York that a single voice should have been raised in the Legislature for the passage of the Silver Bill, and as Mr. SESSIONS advanced only the familiar arguments in favor of the remonetizing scheme, it is a little singular that he was not answered with the equally familiar exposures of the fallacy of those arguments. Mr. BAYARD'S speech and Mr. EDMUNDS'S preamble and resolutions had already answered Mr. SESSIONS. But Mr. SESSIONS said one thing that deserves attention. He stated that in 1864 there were $384,000,000 of bonds sold for a little more than fifty cents upon the dollar. Mr. TURNER questioned the accuracy of the statement. But assuming it to be exact, would it be alleged either that the buyers of the bonds expected to receive in payment only a fraction more than fifty cents upon the dollar, or that any other person in the country held such a view? Was there ever any understanding, express or implied, that the holders of bonds promising to pay dollars were to receive any thing less than dollars, or that the bonds were obligations to repay only what was originally paid for them? Or if, by reason of increased production or any other cause, a coin of 412½ grains in silver had so lost value as now to be worth only twenty cents, would it be asserted that a debt of a dollar could be honestly paid in such a coin?

The silver question is not one of sharp practice, but of national honor, of good faith, of mutual understanding, of "just expectations," as Mr. EDMUNDS'S preamble states. It is, in the highest sense, a question of the public credit. Silver dollars, of which but few more than 8,000,000 were ever coined, and which had been mainly converted into other forms, practically did not exist, and had not for a long time existed, when the bonds were issued. They had been and still were interchangeable with gold, although when demonetized by law they were actually worth something more than gold. They were, however, practically obsolete as money, and the demonetizing bill merely recognized that fact, and it made no excitement, because nobody cared to dispute it. If to-day the specified number of grains of silver in a dollar were worth one hundred and fifty cents instead of ninety-two, Mr. VOORHEES and his friends would hardly be clamoring for payment in silver as legal coin when the bonds were issued.

But it is not the payment of bonds only that is concerned in the question. The bonds are public debts, and therefore affect the public faith. But there are private debts and private faith also. The silver remonetization party proposes to make silver a universal legal tender, and this is a proposition to pay the wages of daily labor

in a debased currency. We observe that a house in this city recently paid its men in gold. Every dollar of that gold will buy a hundred cents' worth of food and clothing. The VOORHEES plan is to authorize that house to pay wages in silver, every dollar of which will buy only ninety-two cents' worth of any commodity. And when prices go up, as they necessarily will should the VOORHEES plan prevail, the last thing that will rise will be wages. If to-day wages are paid in silver, and the dollar buys a hundred cents' worth of supplies, it is for the very reason that silver is not an unlimited legal tender, and therefore a small amount passes as money at a gold value; that is to say, it is interchangeable with gold. Remonetize it indefinitely, and the man who receives wages will be the first victim of the clipped dollar.

THE INCOME TAX.

THE suggestion of a revival of the income tax has naturally excited a great deal of attention, for it was a war measure which was abandoned amid general satisfaction. Yet in the interval during which it was continued after the war, proceedings were commenced to test the constitutionality of the law, and Mr. EVARTS held and expressed the opinion that it was unconstitutional. But however constitutional it may be, an income tax, in the words of a petition to Congress for its repeal, "is virtually a tax on industry and thrift, the virtues without which national prosperity is impossible......Objects of taxation are more properly sought in the vices and luxuries of the people, such as whiskey and tobacco, from which the individual who ultimately pays the tax can abstain, if he so pleases, without detriment to the community."

But a broader and higher policy forbids the tax. It is necessarily inquisitorial. It can be levied effectually only by invasions of private accounts and researches into the details of private business, which are repugnant to the most precious traditions of the English-speaking people. Such a tax is, for such reasons, instinctively resented. The ill-disposed find their advantage in this instinct, and in the support it gives to evasion and deception. Thus the honest pay, and the dishonest and the unscrupulous escape, as conspicuous illustrations that could be cited from familiar history would show. "Under the old income tax the number who paid was only about 275,000, and when the exemption was raised to $2000 the taxables were reduced to 116,000 in a population of 40,000,000." Of the 233 Congressional districts at that time, six paid one-fourth of the whole tax, and seventeen paid one-half. Seven States, with but forty per cent. of the whole population, and forty per cent. of the assessed valuation of the wealth of the country, paid more than three-fourths of the whole tax, and in some States the collections did little more than pay the expense of collecting. The impolicy of injustice needs no exposition to Americans, and this is a tax which depends upon the conscience of the tax-payer, and is therefore necessarily unjust in its operation.

The constitutional objection is that an income tax, being what the Constitution defines as a "capitation or other direct tax," must be laid "in proportion to the census," and in no other way. Unequal legislation is not a wise policy at this time, even if it should be admitted to be constitutional, but legislation at once unequal and unconstitutional would be disastrous to its authors. Unjust, inquisitive, and unconstitutional, it is hardly possible that such a tax should be laid without arousing suspicion of motives or necessarily encouraging perjury by its enforcement. If the proposition is made, it will be interesting to see by what votes and by what arguments it is supported.

RUSSIA TRIUMPHANT.

THE war in Turkey is rapidly reaching the end that has been long foreseen, and the terms upon which Russia will consent to peace will soon be known. The Russian loss is announced as more than 82,000 lives, and the expense is many hundreds of millions of rubles. The Turkish catastrophe is complete. The essential weakness of the empire is exposed, while the acknowledged bravery of the Turkish soldiers has been illustrated. England is the only European power which has been supposed to be in any degree disposed to adopt the Turkish cause, but fortunately a division of opinion in the cabinet and a very positive public sentiment hostile to any such alliance have restrained the Prime Minister, who is understood to have been willing to go to war for "British interests." This phrase has figured conspicuously in the discussions, and is variously interpreted. It seems, however, to mean chiefly the freedom of communication with India, and as Russia proposes no interference in that direction, no plausible "cry" can be raised in England for a Russian war.

The situation offers the Liberal party an opportunity to take ground as the party of peace, and to ridicule the Tory assertion that the interests of the country are endangered. An important element of the Liberals holds a still more aggressive position, and maintains that the interests of civilized Europe require the exclusion of the Turk from European soil. Meanwhile Russia has managed her political case with great sagacity. She has neither taunted nor defied, and to all suggestion that "British interests" were imperilled she has courteously replied that all interests would be respected. Nothing, probably, is farther from the Russian intention than a general European war. All the gain that could be possibly expected from any war is now within the grasp of Russia as the result of the present conflict, and undoubtedly she will be wise enough in her negotiations to stop short of provoking further and more complicated hostilities.

The chief advantage of this bloody and costly war to the Russian Empire will be the practical, if not formal, destruction of Turkey in Europe. The self-government of the Danubian provinces can not be refused, and the freedom of the Dardanelles will be probably released in some degree from its present restrictions. The entire Eastern and Southern policy of Russia has been pursued for many years with a moderation and self-restraint that imply perfect confidence in the final issue, and willingness to wait and advance gradually. Despite the unexpected and serious reverses of the last summer, the Russian military prestige will have gained, upon the whole, by the remarkable campaign of the autumn and winter. But among the valuable victories which are neither Russian nor Turkish may be counted that which has been achieved by reason and humanity over the war party in England.

As we write, the news from England is more warlike. The Turkish element in the cabinet has prevailed, and the effect of the reported resignations and the demand upon Parliament for a supplementary credit, which is substantially a war measure, can not fail to have very serious results. It is an action and an evidence of feeling and purpose which will stimulate Turkey to refuse the Russian terms, while it necessarily alienates Russia. The usual appeal to national jealousy has been made by Lord BEACONSFIELD in the remark that England will not submit to dictation from another power. This is intended to produce the impression upon the ignorant British mind that Russia has been insolent, and ought to be chastised. It is to be hoped, however, that the crime of which DISRAELI would be guilty, should he plunge England and Europe into war for any reason that is yet known, may be prevented by the good sense of Parliament and the country.

PERSONAL.

THE grand banquet of the Geographical Society given to HENRY M. STANLEY in Paris on the 19th January was a notable affair. The company was of the very *élite*. A representative of President M'MAHON was present, and various other high officials. During the entertainment the Minister of Public Instruction entered, and presented to Mr. STANLEY the decoration of the Academical Palm. The president announced that the Geographical Society had awarded a gold medal to STANLEY, who was overwhelmed with congratulations.

—Some of the Western papers call Mr. KIMBALL the "finangelist." He has lifted or helped to lift the debt of twenty-three churches of different denominations, the aggregate amounting to $700,000. His latest service was for the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, where he raised $21,400 in three hours.

—Mr. WHITELAW REID was the recipient last month of two distinguished honors—an election by the Legislature as a Regent of the University of the State of New York, which is for life, and a re-election for five years as editor of the New York *Tribune*.

—Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL lectured on Thursday evening, January 24, before the Young Men's Hebrew Association of this city, on "The Hebrew Scriptures and Science." This is the first time in this city, if not in the country, we believe, where an eminent Presbyterian clergyman has been invited to enlighten young Hebrews on the Scriptures. The Young Men's Christian Association might reciprocate the courtesy by asking Rabbi GOTTHEIL to discourse to them on the inspiration of the New Testament.

—The memorial services in honor of SAMUEL BOWLES, at Springfield, on the 23d ult., were attended by many distinguished gentlemen, who participated in the ceremonies. Addresses were delivered by Governor HAWLEY, MURAT HALSTEAD, Dr. HOLLAND, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jun., and letters were read from Secretary SCHURZ, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Senator DAWES, and Governor HUBBARD. Among others present were Governor RICE, Lieutenant-Governor KNIGHT, Ex-Postmaster-General JEWELL, Postmaster JAMES, President SEELYE, Ex-Governor TALBOT, etc., etc.

—Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS is spending the winter at Washington, passing much of the time in examining the archives of the State Department for material for his book on ALBERT GALLATIN.

—Ex-Governor GROOME, just elected United States Senator from Maryland, is only forty years of age. He was a member of the Convention of 1867 that framed the present State Constitution, and took an active part in the debates. In 1871 he was elected to the House of Delegates, and received a large vote for United States Senator. When Governor WHYTE was chosen Senator, the Legislature elected Mr. GROOME to succeed him as Governor.

—Mr. J. N. PATTISON, the pianist, made some very interesting experiments of the power of music on the insane at the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island on Saturday, the 19th of January. It is Mr. PATTISON's intention to make further experiments, in the hope that music may be made the means of alleviating if not curing certain classes of lunacy. Mr. P. took with him to the asylum a grand piano. The patients were brought in singly, the worst types of several classes being selected. The first was that of a young Irishwoman, who had on a strait-jacket; she was intractable and vicious. She was seated by the instrument, and Mr. PATTISON played movements from one of BEETHOVEN's Sonatas. During the performance the patient became very docile, and the strait-jacket was removed. There were many facial indications of interest, apart from the soothing effect of the music upon the patient. The second experiment was upon a taciturn, unimpressionable Irish girl, who had the stealthy air of certain feline animals. Under the influence of the music she lost control of her facial muscles. A smile relaxed her mouth, the eyelids gradually fell, and she assumed an air of less rigidity. She became more tractable, subdued, and calm. The third case was one of hysterical melancholia. The patient wept continuously. The effect of pathetic music was to deepen her melancholy, but in the bright, lively measures her crying ceased, and she apparently became cheerful and happy. Several other experiments, equally successful, were made. It is the intention of Mr. PATTISON and the medical staff in the asylum to make further and more thorough experiments.

—Rev. Dr. SEYMOUR has received the votes of nine dioceses in favor of his confirmation as Bishop of Springfield, Illinois. Seven votes have been cast against him. The total number of votes is forty-eight. He requires sixteen more to insure his confirmation, and it is understood that he will receive more than that number.

—The Rev. H. M. FIELD, in his attractive book, *From Egypt to Japan*, has an interesting sketch of the Pyramids, and, in a way that will be appreciated by the practical New Yorker, gives an idea of their size: "The Pyramid of Cheops is the largest structure in the world—the largest, probably, ever reared by human hands. It covers *eleven acres—a space nearly as large as the Washington Parade-ground in New York*—and is said by HERODOTUS to have taken a hundred thousand men twenty years to build it."

—The Louisville *Argus* says that "the success which has attended the practice of General JOHN M. HARLAN is largely due to his physique and endurance. In the great PULLMAN palace-car case he was employed on short notice as one of the counsel. He had but a day to post himself and study up the authorities, but he undertook the task. Locking himself up in his office with Judge LOCHRANE, of Georgia, and Mr. GEORGE M. PULLMAN, he examined them thoroughly upon it, grasping all the points, and collecting and arranging his citations. For twenty-four hours, during which time his companions alternated between sleeping and dispensing information, he studied the case, and at the end of that time he had every point at his fingers' ends, and was as fresh as a daisy. When General HARLAN was first appointed Associate Justice one or two newspapers ventured an opinion that he was not the man for the laborious work of the Supreme bench. The able editors did not know the man."

—Another general, JOHN O'NEILL, who led the Fenian incursions against Canada at Fort Erie, Ontario, in 1866, and at St. Albans, Vermont, in 1870, died in the hospital at Omaha on the 9th of January last.

—The Rev. Dr. ROBERT MOFFATT, aged eighty years, was a few days ago in London elected a member of the Worshipful Company of Turners—a company which turns ivory received from Africa. Dr. MOFFATT went to South Africa sixty years ago under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, hence the recent honor. Among other members of the society are Sir BARTLE FRERE, HENRY M. STANLEY, and Colonel GRANT. Dr. MOFFATT was among the first to plant Christian civilization in Africa. He fixed the forms of the Bechuana language. In quoting Dean SWIFT, Dr. MOFFATT said it is no longer true that

> "Geographers in Afric's maps
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er unhabitable downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

—They pay their great surgeons well in England. Sir HENRY THOMPSON's income is said to amount to $150,000 per annum on an average. He performs the operation of lithotomy eighty or ninety times a year, the fee for which ranges from two hundred to five hundred guineas.

—JOHN BENNETT, late of Lambeth, England, was so much pleased with LONGFELLOW's "Kéramos," published in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, that he sent the poet one of his choicest vases.

—Mr. JAMES C. FLOOD, the San Francisco banker, gave to various charitable institutions Christmas gifts worth more than $6000.

—RIZA PASHA, who died recently at Riza, was a thrifty Ottoman. During the Crimean war he drew the pay of an entire army corps which never existed, and by that fine operation made ten millions of dollars.

—JOHN B. HAWLEY, the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is a native of Fairfield County, Connecticut, and is forty-seven years old. When a boy he went to Rock Island, Illinois, and in 1852 was admitted to the bar. From 1856 till the war broke out he was District Attorney, but resigned to enter the service. He took part in several important engagements, and was rapidly promoted for gallantry, being severely wounded at Fort Donelson. These wounds compelled his retirement from the service, and he was appointed Postmaster at Rock Island by President LINCOLN, but was removed by President JOHNSON. In 1868 he was elected to Congress, and was twice re-elected, serving in the Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-third Congresses. He is a very pronounced Republican, and is spoken of as a man of superior abilities.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: Senator Beck, of Kentucky, January 21, offered a concurrent resolution declaring that it is unnecessary and inexpedient to impose taxes at this time, asked for by the Secretary of the Treasury, to provide $37,000,000 for the sinking fund, and directing the Secretary not to purchase any more bonds for the liquidation of the public debt until instructed by Congress to do so. The resolution was ordered printed. In the House, Mr. Riddle, of Tennessee, introduced a bill to reduce taxation by suspending the Sinking Fund Act until an amount shall have accumulated equal to the amount of reduction of the debt in excess of the requirements of that law from 1862 to 1877. Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, in the Senate, and Mr. Shallenberger, of the same State, in the House, presented a bill authorizing the coinage of the standard silver dollar, and providing that gold and silver jointly, and not otherwise, shall be a full legal tender, each to the extent of fifty per cent. of all debts, public and private, except as otherwise provided by law or express contract. Mr. Southard, of Ohio, in the House, moved to suspend the rules and pass a bill authorizing the payment of customs duties in greenbacks after January 1, 1879; but the vote was less than the required two-thirds, viz., 154 to 96, and the measure failed.—On the 22d, the statue of William King, the first Governor of Maine, was presented to Congress. Speeches were made in both Houses. The House authorized an investigation as to the amount of silver and gold coin available for resumption, and the other preparations for that event.—On the 23d, Senator Blaine introduced a bill to authorize the coinage of silver dollars, and to make the same a legal tender to the amount of five dollars, and above that amount in equal parts with gold.—On the 25th, the Senate passed the Matthews silver resolutions by a vote of 43 to 22. The House passed the bill revising the steamboat laws.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The Russians during the week ending January 26 still pressed on toward Constantinople. General Gourkho fought Suleiman Pasha from the 15th to the 18th ult. The Turkish army, 40,000 strong, was finally split into two parts; one, commanded by Fuad Pasha, fled into the Rhodope Mountains, and the other, under Suleiman Pasha, retreated in the direction of Haskot, pursued by Generals Skobeleff and Karzoff. The Russians captured 2000 wagons and 97 guns. Both fractions of the Turks are said to have reached Drama, south of the Adrianople Railway. On January 20 the Russians entered Adrianople, immediately after its evacuation by the Turks, who burned their provisions and blew up their powder-magazines and ammunition dépôts before leaving. The refugees suffered frightfully on their way to Constantinople. A dispatch from the Turkish capital, dated January 20, says: "Mr. Master, agent of the English Relief Fund, has just arrived here with a train full of refugees from Adrianople. These unhappy people have been in open cattle trucks three days. Many perished from the cold weather. Last night fifteen were found dead in the trucks. The sufferings of all are described as awful. Mothers are reported in their frenzy to have thrown away living babies rather than see them die in their arms. As the train moved from Adrianople numbers of people tried to cling to the outside and frame-work of the carriages, and many attempted to ride on the buffers. At one station, where hundreds of people had congregated without food for two days, the men threatened Mr. Master with violence if food was not given them. Yesterday there were 15,000 women and children out in the snow at Chorlon."—Mukhtar Pasha has been appointed to command the army to be formed along the line of defense before Constantinople. The London *Standard's* Constantinople dispatch, January 18, says that the Porte, at the instance of the Sultan, has ordered all the villayets at a distance from the seat of war to send, pending the result of the armistice negotiations, all the forces they can spare to Constantinople by the quickest route. The same dispatch says it has been decided that the government and the Sultan shall quit Constantinople as soon as the Russians reach Tchataldja, a station on the Adrianople Railway twenty-five miles from Constantinople.—The Roumanians have completed the investment of Widdin.—The Servians have captured Pristina, and have also re-occupied Kershumli, after an engagement in which the Turks lost 400 killed and wounded; 450 Turks were captured. In Kershumli they found twenty-four Servian soldiers and two officers impaled.—The insurrection in Thessaly is spreading. The insurgents, who fight under the Greek flag, and who have been joined by many Thessalians residing in Greece, have been enthusiastically received in several districts. An insurrection has broken out also in several parts of Macedonia. In Crete the Christians hold all the open country.—The Porte, January 24, accepted the Russian conditions of peace, which are said to include the autonomy of Bulgaria, a war indemnity, and concessions to the vassal states and Montenegro; the question of the Dardanelles to be reserved for the consideration of the European powers.

In the British House of Commons, January 24, the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice that on the 28th he would ask for supplementary supplies for the naval and military service. The Marquis of Hartington, leader of the Liberal party in the House, asked how Sir Stafford Northcote would reconcile the inconsistency of this with the promise made the first night of the session not to make the proposal until the conditions of peace were received, and whether he would make any other statement calculated to allay the anxiety sure to be raised by the notice. Sir Stafford reminded the House that he expected on the first night to know the terms of peace within two days. A week had elapsed since, and not only was the government not in possession of the terms of peace, but considerable Russian forces were still advancing. Therefore the government thought it could not longer delay the proposal. In the House of Lords, Lord Beaconsfield, in response to a question put by the Duke of Argyle, spoke in the same strain as did Sir Stafford Northcote in the House of Commons. Lord Beaconsfield distinctly said that England was not going to be dictated to by any other power. The Earl of Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary, and Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary, have resigned.

In view of the contingency of the receipt of authentic information of a Russian force's advancing or having advanced on Gallipoli, instructions were sent, January 23, to the commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet, then at Saros, to land in the vicinity of Bulair a force of marines and blue-jackets, in order that they might act as *ad interim* defenders of the lines of Gallipoli, and further, to hold in readiness six of his roomiest ships for immediate dispatch to Malta to bring up the mass of its garrison. Upon receipt of the conditions of peace, however, the government countermanded these orders.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, on the 21st, Admiral Fouchard, on behalf of the Right, moved that henceforth a two-thirds majority be necessary to declare an election invalid. M. Gambetta opposed the motion, calling for the previous question, and making a vigorous attack on the minority. After a stormy discussion the previous question was adopted by a vote of 312 to 186. On the 24th, the Chamber, by a vote of 325 to 35, adopted a bill granting amnesty for press offenses. There were 2709 persons convicted of such offenses under the De Broglie cabinet.

A Cape Town dispatch, January 1, says there is general revolt among the Gaikas of South Africa. Martial law has been proclaimed. A severe engagement has taken place at Komgha, in which the British troops were successful.

The whole of Kashgar is now in the power of the Chinese. The city of that name was taken by a *coup de main*. The Emir escaped from the carnage, and fled to Ferghana. He solicits Russian support.

The Austrian cabinet has resigned because of the opposition of the Lower House on the question of customs duties on coffee and petroleum.

A STREET SCENE.

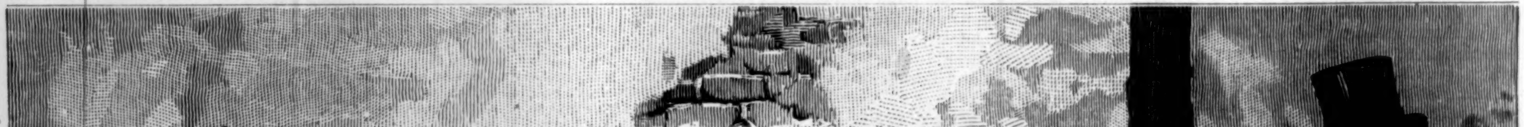
New York is what our German friends might call a "world-city." Probably no other city on the globe, not even excepting London, can boast of so large a commingling of nationalities. Every quarter of the world has sent its representatives hither; and in the streets, in the cars and stages, and every other place where people usually meet, may be heard a dozen foreign languages, a perfect Babel of conversation. Sometimes one hears the queerest medley of English with German, French, or Spanish idioms, and even cultivated foreigners who have resided some years in New York will, when conversing among themselves in their own language, introduce many English words and phrases, apparently without the consciousness of doing so.

To go into some quarters of New York is like travelling into a foreign country. There are many streets in which one might fancy himself in some town in Ireland, for the "rich brogue" which poor General Scott was so fond of hearing, when he thought it represented votes for him. In other streets one seems to be transported away to Germany, so frequent are the lager-beer shops, with their sanded floors, their Käse, Wurst, Schwarzbrod, Sauerkraut, Rheinwein, Schnapps, and other dishes and beverages once peculiar to the German fatherland, though now fairly naturalized in this country. In other streets may be found immigrants from the Celestial Empire, preserving among themselves and in their dwellings many of the customs and habits of their own land. Other streets are intimately associated with our Hebrew brethren. Similarity of language and tastes does much to keep our foreign-born population in colonies, into which comparatively few outsiders penetrate, and the boundaries are in many cases almost as clearly marked as if municipal regulations required the separation of people of different nationalities. This is, of course, true in a general sense only, as people of every nationality may be found in almost every part of the city.

The street musician is a character who confines himself to no particular quarter by day, wherever he may take refuge at night from the resentment of an outraged community. Nothing shows more clearly the patient nature of the American people than the toleration extended to organ-grinders, fiddlers, bag-pipe-players, and other musical nuisances who make hideous the early hours of day, and molest the sweetness of our last morning doze. But even that patience might not extend through an evening. Our tormentors seem to be aware of this danger, and as soon as the shades of night darken the streets they retire with their plunder to some place of refuge where they are safe from pursuit. There ought to be an ordinance prohibiting street musicians, especially the organ-grinders. Why should they be permitted to afflict people who don't want to hear their dreadful strains? If you pay them money to go away, they inflict upon you every tune in their barrel, or move to the next house and begin over again. Such an imposition on good nature should not be permitted in a civilized community; but as long as the people do not take the matter into their own hands, and insist upon having the nuisance abated, they can not expect the authorities to do it for them. Yet all agree that "something" ought to be done.

INJURED INNOCENCE.—[Drawn by C. M. Coolidge.]

"I hain't seen nuffin of yer Chickens! Do you took me for a Thief? Do you see any Chickens 'bout me? Go 'way dar, white man! Treat a boy 'spectable, if he am brack!"



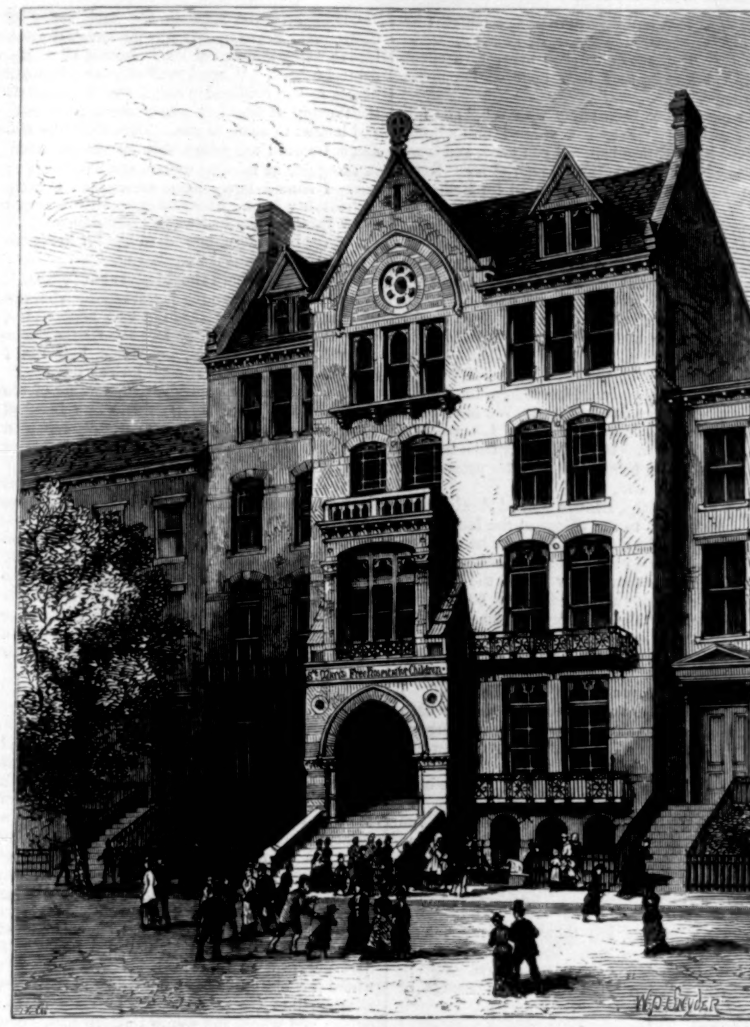
A STREET MUSICIAN.—[Drawn by Alfred Kappes.]

TWO BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

ON this page of our paper we offer our readers sketches of two substantial structures—the first about to be erected, the second already occupied by one of the most estimable benevolent institutions of our city. For the plan of the first building we are indebted to Mr. HENRY M. CONGDON, the architect to whom has been intrusted the task of erecting a suitable edifice for the accommodation of the managers and beneficiaries of St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children.

This admirable charity owes its origin to the labors of a few devoted women belonging to the Protestant Episcopal order of the "Sisters of St. Mary." While laboring among the poor of our metropolis they found the work seriously impeded by the want of a single general hospital where suffering children might be cared for irrespective of race, color, or creed. The past experience of these Sisters in conducting large charitable enterprises fitted them for the undertaking of this new and sorely needed charity, and in 1870, having secured the assistance of a few sympathetic friends, who promised to become responsible for the rent and current expenses, they ventured to open a small house for the reception of sick children in West Fortieth Street.

As soon as the object of the charity became known, many benevolent persons showed a disposition to aid the efforts of the good Sisters, and by the end of three years, the increase of patients having made a change desirable, a larger house was rented, and the Sisters, together with their small charges, removed to 407 West Thirty-fourth Street. Not long ago the alternative was placed before the faithful band of either purchasing the property or effecting a second removal. Encouraged by their past success, and desirous of responding to the constantly increasing demands made upon their charity, it was finally determined to purchase the premises now occupied, together with the vacant lot adjoining. Their present design is to erect a new hospital building upon this vacant space, and to make such changes in the present building as will better adapt it to hospital purposes. In order to ascertain the amount of money that will be needed, application was made some time ago to Mr. CONGDON, who has furnished estimates and plans for the new building. It is designed to have a depth of 65 feet, with a frontage of 50 feet. In addition to this there will be an extension 18 feet by 15. The entire expense of this edifice, which, when completed, will accommodate sixty-five patients, can, according to the economical estimates offered by Mr. CONGDON, be brought within the sum of $27,000. This amount, together with the current expenses, which during the past year amounted to about $5000, will, it is expected by the good Sisters, be cheerfully contributed by the many whose hearts are always open to any appeal made on behalf of the children.



ST. MARY'S FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.
[FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.]

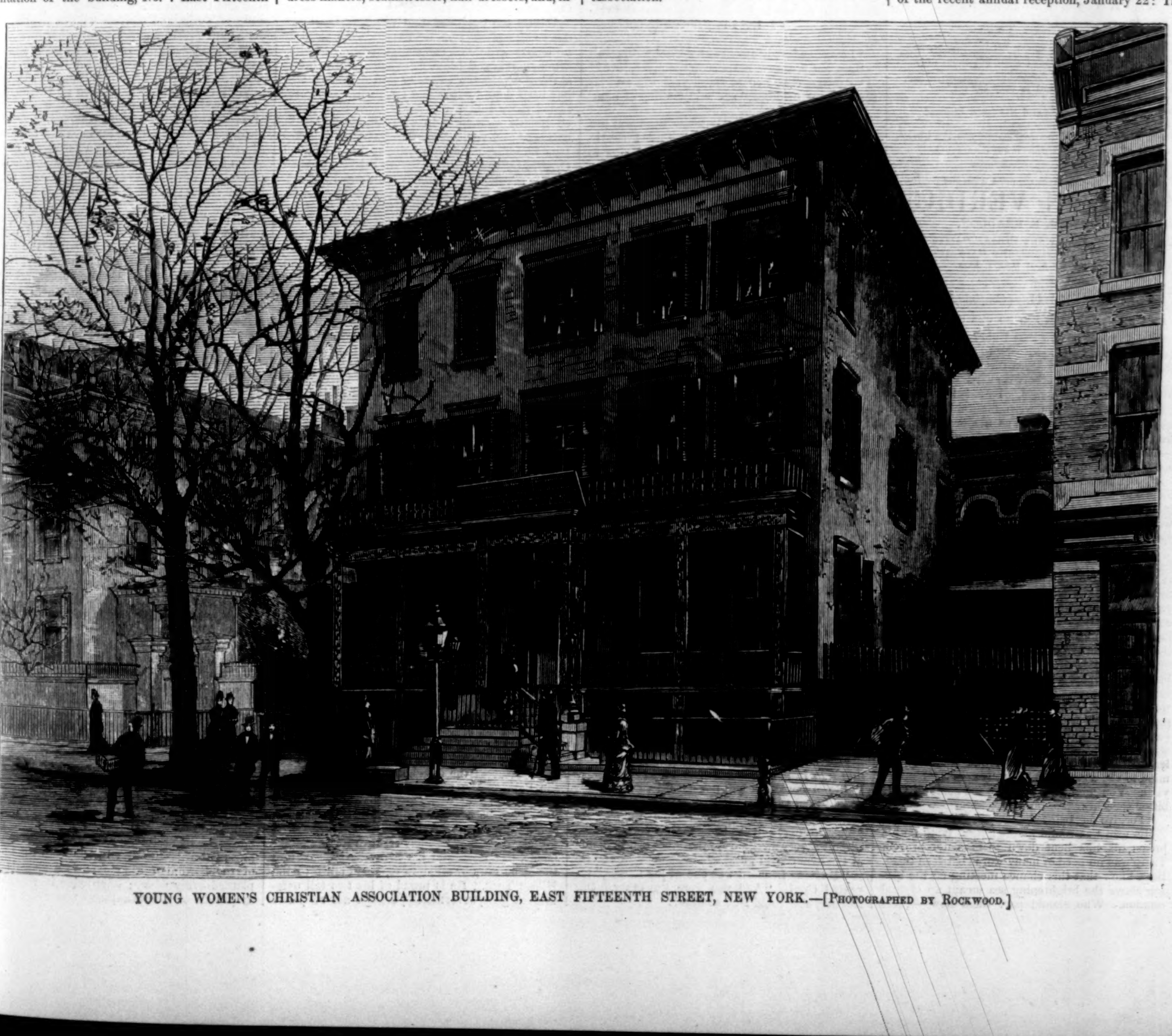
Our second engraving is an admirable representation of the building, No. 7 East Fifteenth Street, owned and occupied by the Young Women's Christian Association. This society of ladies aims to benefit the large class of working-women in our metropolis. Among them are included teachers, artists, workers in various branches of trade, book-keepers, sales-women, dress-makers, seamstresses, hair-dressers, and, indeed, all who in any way earn their own living by pursuing some branch of labor within the limits of our great city. The need of such an institution is demonstrated by the fact that many hundreds of working-women constantly avail themselves of the advantages offered them by the Association.

Prominent among these advantages is an extensive Library, free to any woman earning her livelihood. Over 4000 volumes belong upon the shelves. These books have all been presented to the Association, there being no means of supplying the demand for literary matter save that of voluntary contribution. The interest taken in reading by the beneficiaries of the establishment is shown by the entries on the books of the librarian, which indicate some 12,000 applications made during the past year for the various volumes named in the catalogue. The Free Reading-Room connected with the Library is well supplied with papers and magazines, and is open daily from ten A.M. to five in the afternoon, also on Monday and Friday evenings.

Another feature of the institution specially worthy of commendation is the Employment Bureau, by means of which teachers, housekeepers, trained nurses, dress-makers, etc., are supplied with situations, no charge being made for the assistance thus rendered. An Industrial Department is also open, in the second story of the building, where hand and machine sewing are taught. Here ladies may leave orders, which are sure to be executed in the most careful manner. On this same floor is a School-Room neatly provided with desks, blackboards, and other educational appurtenances. Here classes in writing and book-keeping meet on two evenings of the week. The instruction given is of the best character, and in this way young women who are prevented by want of early training from filling certain positions are carefully educated up to the required standard. In another room may be found a Directory for Boarding-Places, by means of which homeless women are enabled to find respectable houses where they may procure food and lodging at reasonable rates. The third floor of the building is one which furnishes a slight source of revenue to the institution. Here are arranged studios, which are rented to women artists who have advanced so far in their profession as to need such apartments.

Recently the new hall connected with the building has been completed. It is situated in the rear, and is of sufficient dimensions to accommodate comfortably an audience of 450 persons. The two entrances to this portion of the building will be seen in our picture, one on either side. During the week free concerts, readings, and lectures are given in this hall, which attract large numbers of interested people. On Sunday it is given up to religious services. At three in the afternoon a Bible class is held here, designed for the instruction of women who are not connected with any church. All such are cordially invited to attend.

Naturally a work of such a comprehensive character demands a comparatively large sum annually to carry it on. But that all the arrangements are conducted according to strictly economical rules will be seen from the following summary, gathered from the report of the treasurer of the Building Fund, which was read on the occasion of the recent annual reception, January 22: The



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

entire expenses for the last year, including $1000 taxes, were $4500. Upon the Association's property, including the purchase of the main building, repairs, etc., nearly $80,000 had been expended. The amount spent upon the new hall was $6807. There was cash on hand amounting to $2382, and pledges of $1000 had been made. There still remained a deficit of about $3500, of which $1000 was pledged on condition that the remainder should be raised. The $2500 required was subscribed by the persons present.

Thus relieved of all indebtedness, the affairs of the Association are in a comparatively prosperous condition; but there are still the current expenses to be met. Having no source of revenue save voluntary contributions, the lady managers invite all who take an interest in the work to assist them in their efforts, either by gifts of money, books to add to the library, or by sending materials to the sewing department of the institution. The location of the building has already been given; the address of the treasurer is No. 7 East Fifteenth Street.

It is scarcely necessary to point out to our readers the good work which an association of this kind may be able to perform if supplied with abundant means. All are familiar with the stories of trial and difficulty to be surmounted by friendless women forced to provide for their own wants, and possibly for those of helpless children. There are thousands of such in New York city, and it is to be hoped that the Association which has thus undertaken to assist them will receive from all quarters friendly sympathy and help in substantial forms.

"WHAT WILL THE CHILDREN SAY?"

"WE have pined, dear wife, we have pined for years,
  Shut in by our forest trees,
For a sight of the great Atlantic waves,
  And a breath of the salt breeze.
To-morrow, to-morrow, we'll reach the sea!—
  Oh, wife, what a happy day!"
She turned, with a radiant face, to ask,
  "John, what will the children say?"

"We have pined, dear wife, we have pined for years,
  For the father-land of Art,
For a sight of the famous towns that took
  In the world's great march their part,
To tread where the good and the noble trod;
  Now, darling, we'll have our way."
"Oh, John," she said, "I'm the happiest wife!
  But what will the children say?"

"And, better than all, we will seek the land
  Made holy by Calvary,
We will walk the streets of Jerusalem,
  And weep in Gethsemane.
Ah, wife, you are weeping now at the thought;
  What will you do in that day?"
"Dear John, God knows; but the children, dear—
  What will the children say?"

* * * * * * *

The wind blew hard, the storm rose high,
  John spoke to his wife once more:
"Dear heart, we have come to the end of life,
  For we can not reach the shore.
I care not so much that *our* dream is past—
  We have nearly lived our day—
But little Mary, and Harry, and Will—
  Wife, what will the children say?"

"The children are sleeping; we'll tell them not.
  Ah, John, what a joy for them,
To wake in 'the land that is very far off,'
  In the New Jerusalem!
When they feel its bliss, and the Lord himself
  Shall wipe all their tears away,
When they walk with the angels, and see the Christ,
  John! what will the children say?"

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER LXI.—(*Continued.*)

FAIR STILL, BUT FAIR FOR NO ONE SAVING ME.

"Do you believe now that I did not murder my father?" cried Beatrix, turning to Cyril, with eyes that flashed indignant scorn through her tears.

"I never believed otherwise after we met face to face in the church-yard. I needed but to see you to know that you were innocent and pure and true. My suspicion was a monster of my own growth—the offspring of too much thought—and the fear that in winning your love I should seem a worshipper of Mammon. Beatrix, I have been weak and despicable in this matter. My love should have been strong enough to withstand even a harder trial. I confess myself unworthy of your forgiveness, and yet I ask you to forgive me."

"Forgive you!" she said, that changeful face of hers melting from scorn to tenderness. "There is no moment of the past in which you were not forgiven. I was too ready to make excuses for you. I had no womanly pride where you were concerned. It was only when I was made to believe that you had never cared for me—that from the first you had liked Bella Scratchell better than me—it was only then that I was weak enough to listen to Kenrick's pleading. I thought it mattered so little what became of me that I might as well give way. And then, when the time for our marriage drew near, I knew that I was going to commit a great sin, and I began to look for some way of escape. I only waited to arrange the release of Kenrick's estate. I had made up my mind to run away before I saw you in the church-yard. You might have spared me some of your bitter speeches."

"Forgive me, beloved, forgive me."

His arm was round her, her head lying on his breast, his lips bent down to hers unreproved. There was no need of many words between them. Both knew that this chance meeting on the hill-top above the brightening sea meant an eternal reunion. Who should part them now—these twin souls that had been parted and buffeted by the billows of fate, and had drifted together again at last? They clung to each other in a silent rapture, knowing that their hour of happiness had come.

"I have never been angry with you," she faltered at last. "Fate has seemed unkind, not you. I have always believed you good, and true, and noble, even when you renounced me. Even when I thought that you had cared for Bella—"

"Who could have told you that utter falsehood?"

"It was Bella herself who hinted—"

"Poor child! don't you know that people who hint things they dare not assert are always liars? But Bella is gone with all her sins upon her head. I will tell you more of her by-and-by. It is by her act that you have suffered. It was she who stole your father's letter. On her death-bed— But I will tell you all by-and-by. You have had too much agitation already. How pale you are looking, and you are shivering too! We have been standing too long in this keen air. Let me take you home, dearest. Do you live far from here?"

"A good way; but I shall be better presently."

"Lean on my arm, love."

And so supported, Beatrix walked slowly down the narrow track to the village at the foot of the hill, and by-and-by a faint color came back to her cheeks, and a happy light shone in her lovely eyes. The clock struck ten as they passed the church.

"I came out for a ramble before breakfast," said Beatrix. "Poor Madame Leonard will be wondering what has become of me."

"Madame Leonard? Ah, that is your companion."

"Yes, the dearest creature in the world. I could never tell you what a comfort she has been to me—indulging all my caprices—consoling me in my sorrows—a second mother. And now she and I will go together to see my own mother's grave—the convent where she died. I have been already to see the place of her birth."

"My Beatrix, do you think I will ever let you take any journey again without my company? A man who has lost a jewel and found it again knows how to guard his treasure. You are mine henceforward—mine till death—unless you tell me I have forfeited your love."

"I could not say any thing so false. I have never left off loving you," she answered, gently. "Do not let us talk of the past. Let us forget it, if we can. When I saw the announcement of poor Kenrick's death in the *Times* I felt myself free—and—I thought—perhaps—some day I should go back to Yorkshire to see the kind Dulcimers, and my good old servants—and then—you and I might meet. But I never thought it would be so soon."

"God has been good to us, love. And now tell me, Beatrix, can you bear to give up your liberty and share the lot of a hard-working parish priest? Could you bear even to go with me into a busy, smoky town, full of foulest things, if I felt that duty constrained me to take up my abode there? Could you endure to live in such a place as Bridford, for instance? But I forget, you do not know Bridford."

"I could endure life even at Bridford, with you."

"Ah, but you have never seen the place, love!"

"I repeat that I could share your life and labors even at Bridford," she said, smiling at him.

He gave a little sigh.

"I am afraid you hardly know what you are promising. Know then, dearest, that I am in treaty with the Vicar of Bridford, with a view to getting his living transferred to me. It is a charge for which he is eminently unfitted. I began some good work there, and left it unfinished. As vicar I could do much that I vainly attempted as curate. I should have larger scope, better opportunities; I could get a band of hard-working young men round me. Yes, I believe I could transform the place."

"I am like Ruth," said Beatrix, tenderly. "I follow where I love. Your duties shall be my duties, and your home my home. It shall go hard with me if I can not make home pleasant to you, even at Bridford."

"And you will be content to see your wealth applied to doing good among a rough and often ungrateful population?"

"I can imagine no better use for my wealth."

"Would you not rather that we should live at Culverhouse—in that fine old house—in the midst of that beautiful country? Poor Kenrick's death has made Culverhouse mine, you know."

"I had rather live where your life can be most useful—noblest—and where I can help you."

"My own dear love, you make me happier than words can say."

They came to the sleepy old town of Dol, and beyond it to a house half hidden behind a high white wall. Beatrix opened a green door leading into a garden, and Cyril followed her, full of wonder, into the very garden that had swallowed up the lady in the gray mantle.

That very lady came out through an open window to receive Beatrix.

"My love, how you have given me a beautiful fright!" she cried, in French, and then, seeing Cyril, stopped and looked confused.

"Madame Leonard, let me present Mr. Culverhouse. He will stop to breakfast with us, I dare say, if you ask him."

"I begin to understand something," said Cyril, looking at Beatrix. "Madame Leonard was one of my nurses, though she denied it yesterday."

"Pardon," exclaimed Madame Leonard. "I said that I did not belong to a nursing sisterhood. I did not say that I had not nursed you."

And then the little Frenchwoman gave a joyous laugh, out of pure satisfaction at the new aspect of things, and ran back to the house to order certain savory additions to the breakfast in honor of the unexpected guest.

"Madame Leonard was one of my nurses," repeated Cyril. "And you were the other. Oh, Beatrix, how could I be so blind?"

"Dear love, you were in the dark valley of death," said Beatrix. "It was my sweetest privilege to watch and succor you. I owed all to Madame Leonard. When I read of your dangerous illness in the Bridford paper I was wretched at the thought of your loneliness, your helplessness, and longed to come to you. Then this dear Madame Leonard suggested that we should come, in the guise of nursing sisters, and take care of you. I should never have dared such a thing without her help. She arranged all—managed every thing—smoothed away every difficulty. I can never be grateful enough to her for her goodness in that sorrowful time."

"And to think that I should never have guessed! When you went from me I yearned for you, not knowing why. Your shadowy eyes haunted me, your image staid with me like the memory of a dream. Oh, my dearest, my truest, how can I love you well enough for such love as this?"

They staid in the wintry garden, talking of the past and the future, till poor Madame Leonard began to be unhappy about her carefully arranged breakfast. And then, after she had summoned them three times, they went in and sat at the snug round table, drinking coffee, and making believe to eat, and arranging what was to be done next.

They were all to go back to Little Yafford together. Cyril and Beatrix were to be quietly married in the old village church as soon as the Bridford living was his. The Water House was to be kept up in all its old comfort, and Madame Leonard was to be mistress there. It would be a country retreat for the Vicar of Bridford and his wife.

EPILOGUE.

TEN years later, and Sir Cyril Culverhouse and his wife are still at Bridford, in the good old Queen Anne parsonage, not five minutes' walk from the lodging where the two nursing sisters came to tend the fever-stricken curate. It is a fine old house, with red brick walls, deep-set windows, oak wainscots, broad staircase, and spacious hall paved with black and white marble—a house which, in the eyes of previous vicars, has been some compensation for the general smokiness and unpleasantness of the town. There is a good garden too at the back, which one would hardly expect to find in Bridford—a garden where the old apple-trees flourish, and the roses struggle into bloom somehow, in spite of the smoke, and where the young Culverhouses learn their lessons in summer, under the direction of Madame Leonard, whom they adore.

Every July there is a migration to the Water House, much to the delight of Mrs. Dulcimer, who spoils Beatrix's children, and believes religiously that she brought about the match between Cyril and Beatrix.

"Did I not advise you to go to France after her, Cyril?" demands the old lady, triumphantly, "and did I not set my heart upon her being Lady Culverhouse?"

Within the ten years that are gone Cyril has done a great work in Bridford. That town is no longer a hot-bed for the generation of vice, drunkenness, and fever. Sanitary reform, being a thing within the scope of human handiwork, has been done by line and rule, while other reforms more subtle and secret have been going on quietly side by side with improvements in drainage and ventilation, water service and cottage building. Large resources have enabled Cyril to do what many a parish priest yearns in vain to accomplish. He has built streets of cottages, a club-house, half a dozen reading-rooms, a cottage hospital ten miles from the town, infant nurseries in every district. Instead of the one hard-worked curate employed by his predecessor, he has four energetic young fellows going about all day long among the laboring poor, so that there is no corner of the crowded town in which the influence of the church is not daily felt, a protection against wrong, a succor in calamity, an incentive to cleanly living.

Once in every year, when the spring flowers are bright in the hedge-rows, and the oaks are yellow with their unfolded leaves, Sir Cyril and his wife go with their children to Culverhouse Castle. This is the happiest time of all the year for Beatrix and her children—the holiday of holidays. They know the country round Culverhouse by heart. They ride in the forest, and sail on the bright river, and make yachting excursions to the Wight, and go back to stony-hearted Bridford refreshed and strengthened by these simple natural pleasures. At Culverhouse, Beatrix is adored, as poor Kenrick prophesied she would be—but not more honored or beloved than by the rough factory hands of Bridford, where her name is a synonym for goodness.

Mr. Piper lives his life at Little Yafford Park, and spends unheard-of sums on the improvement of his farm buildings and hot-houses. He has not married again, but has made for himself an idol in the shape of his farm. He goes on fattening cattle, and sacrificing generation after generation of pigs, in spite of the denunciations of Mr. Chumney, who continues to protest that so long as prize cattle are martyred at the shrine of human vanity the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is a mockery. Poor Mr. Piper finds a consolation for past sorrows in the fatness of his oxen and his pigs. His sons and daughters have grown up. The sons are in different commercial houses, learning to be merchant princes; the daughters are established at the Park in the rooms which Bella beautified. The chief result of an expensive education at present to be perceived in these young ladies is a self-sufficiency which makes them despise their father, whom they publicly reprove for his faulty modes of speech, and his many deviations from the strict laws of etiquette—as laid down by the Misses Turk. He is proud of his two tall over-dressed girls, nevertheless, though not so proud as of his pigs, and he endures their youthful insolence with unvarying good temper. As the years go on, he gets stouter and more puffy, eats more, drinks more, sleeps more, and more markedly assimilates the manners and customs of his prize porkers, whereat Chumney shakes his head dolefully, and prognosticates that Piper will go off some day like the snuff of a candle.

The school at Little Yafford has thriven under Emmanuel Joyce's care, and the widow and her son still live happily in the cottage adjoining the school-house. Emmanuel is not solely dependent on his modest stipend as parish school-master. He has been successful in his literary efforts. His books, all written for the young, have become immediately popular. His style is natural and pleasing, full of life and color. That severe self-training he underwent in the days when he fancied himself a poet has stood him in good stead. His reading has taken a wider range under the direction of Clement Dulcimer, and there is a richness of illustration in his later books that has a charm even for the unlearned. Mrs. Joyce's pride in her son is boundless. She would like to see him married, but has not yet discovered that paragon of female excellence worthy to be his wife. While she is looking out for that personification of all the virtues, Emmanuel grows more and more wedded to his books, his chimney-corner, his meerschaum pipe, and the duties of that station which Providence has allotted to him.

Miss Coyney has departed this life in the odor of sanctity, and her memory lives in the minds of Little Yafford people as a highly genteel person, who paid ready money for all her small requirements, was strict in her attendance at the services of her church, never carried a parcel, and was never seen out-of-doors without her gloves.

THE END.

PIEDMONT AND ITALIAN PROGRESS.

THAT Piedmont, the Foot of the Mountains, the Alpine land of Northwestern Italy, should at last rule the whole peninsula, and give it a real freedom it had never known, is one of the rarest revolutions of history. That the savage capital of the ancient Taurini, over which HANNIBAL swept in his remorseless rage and left it a ruined waste, should rise into the modern Turin the rival and the liberator of Rome, is not surpassed in interest by the incidents of any national story. Yet the fair land of Piedmont seems not unworthy to be the parent of a new Italy. On the west the white crown of Mont Blanc and its monstrous allies, Mont Cenis or Monte-Viso, shut in the narrow territory. To the north the range of the St. Bernard and the massive Matterhorn infold the country in a net-work of glaciers and valleys. A chain of mountain torrents leap downward to the Po. The valleys are green and secluded, shaded by enormous cliffs and crags; the table-land and the rich meadows sweep away from the walls of Turin, and nourish a dense population; the Alpine passes guard Piedmont on the west or north; and an endless range of fortifications, the labor of successive ages, crown the heights or close the defiles that separate Italy from Europe.

Yet almost in vain have been all these labors of defense. No country in Europe has been so often the prey of a foreign conqueror; and the history of Turin, reaching far back into the gloom of the Middle Ages, is chiefly a succession of disasters and a constant scene of inevitable defeat. Often it has fallen into subjection to some trans-alpine power; often it has been torn by the fiercest internal strife. Its stately palaces have been scenes of more than Italian horrors, and murder, infamy, crime, have pursued its earlier rulers almost from the time when the white-handed HUMBERT, in the eleventh century, founded the house which CHARLES ALBERT, VICTOR EMANUEL, and a new HUMBERT are the lineal successors. The Dukes of Savoy once ruled over Geneva, and held large possessions beyond the mountains; the reformers of Geneva drove out their papal bishops; Savoy has been joined to France; but under the various titles of counts, dukes, Sardinian or Italian kings, the Savoyard family have held their precarious rule amidst a series of reverses, and have invariably escaped from the hands of their conquerors. The land is stained with the slaughter of ceaseless warfare. The French have made it their favorite battle-ground. CHARLES VIII., LOUIS, FRANCIS, the VALOIS, the BOURBONS, have coveted the passes of the Alps, and filled Piedmont with the horrors of invasion. The Austrians have met the French beneath the walls of Turin, and defeated them with horrible massacres. NAPOLEON drove the Austrians from the Alps, and rifled Piedmont and Italy. In their fierce and vain attempt to expel their foreign conquerors, how often within the past thirty years have the plains of Piedmont rung with the shouts of the valiant Italians, and the Alps looked down upon their disastrous defeat? Twice CHARLES ALBERT led on his countrymen, and twice Italy fell with him. In 1849 the dream of its union, its independence, its liberal progress, was cherished only by a few poets and by GARIBALDI. The Austrians held the Quadrilateral, Venice was an Austrian citadel, the BOURBONS ruled at Naples, the Pope and the French at Rome. But Turin, under the liberal rule of VICTOR EMANUEL, soon became the centre of Italian intellect. Here flocked poets, philosophers, and scholars; its free press filled all Italy with a new impulse. The Sardinian capital, in 1855, had outstripped all other Italian cities, and under the rule of freedom its wealth and population increased rapidly. New and costly buildings lined its streets; railways began to press onward—the first in Italy—to the borders of the Sardinian kingdom; free schools were planted every where; knowledge increased; the despotism of the priesthood was over; and al-

ready, in 1855, Piedmont resembled rather some flourishing American State, a Kansas or Ohio, than the decaying cities that pined under the Austrian tyranny, or the dull and cruel conservatism of Naples and Rome.

From this mental influence and this example of freedom grew the popularity of the Sardinian rule and the final deliverance of Italy. Italians saw at Turin all the rising traits of modern civilization—its free speech and thought, its general toleration, its expanding commerce, and its growing wealth. And, in fact, the modern kingdom of Italy is only the rapid expansion of the institutions and practices of Piedmont. From Turin the railways that were cautiously planned by D'AZEGLIO and CAVOUR already penetrate the extreme limits of the peninsula, and, like the famous roads that marked the height of Roman prosperity, afford the swiftest means of intercourse between the East and West. The tunnel through Mont Cenis, the most wonderful labor of Italian enterprise, yet reviving with a strange coincidence the memory of the Etruscan shafts, the draining of the Alban or the Tuscan lake, has conquered the barriers of nature, and for seven miles men ride at ease beneath the crown of mountains. From India to Britain, as in the days of AUGUSTUS, the shortest route lies over Italy. Brundusium is once more a flourishing seat of trade. Tarentum is reviving. Every week the London mail, passing over France, rushes through Mont Cenis, sweeps swiftly down along the track of HANNIBAL's invasion on the Adriatic shore, from Brindisi crosses to the Isthmus of Suez, and hastens to the Indian coast. Italy has become once more the highway of the nations. Its population increases; its mines, its silks, its wines, are sought for; its commerce is considerable; and it is probable that, as it lies as of old in the track of business, and becomes more known and valued, its rare resources will be unfolded, and its people learn a higher degree of cultivation and content.

Yet it is almost impossible for an American to conceive of the depth of that ignorance, the excess of that privation and poverty, in which Italy was left in 1860 or 1870, at the overthrow of its papal and princely rulers. Of the population of Piedmont in 1855 two-thirds could neither read nor write. Colleges and universities have always abounded in Italy, and countless priests, who might have instructed, had they chosen, the submissive people. But Piedmont was in 1860 the best-educated part of the country, and knowledge had been sedulously excluded from Italy by the indolence or the ill-will of its rulers. It was the chief aim of the graceful, patriotic D'AZEGLIO, of the honest but overbearing CAVOUR, to make Piedmont the source of a new cultivation, and plant the free school over all Italy. The labor was immense, the change too great to be accomplished by one generation; the impoverished country has still to struggle with intense ignorance and a population debased by centuries of priestly domination. Poverty, too, is the inevitable condition of the great majority of the Italians. The peasantry of Calabria, CAMPANELLA relates, and even the hardy laborers of Lombardy and Piedmont, live chiefly on bread and chestnuts, are happy if they can secure a diet more frugal than that of the cattle of America, and wrap themselves in a coarse woolen covering that the humblest workman of Iowa would scorn. Yet the soft climate, the simple manners, industrious habits, of the people promise to create a race well fitted to be free.

Around the new kingdom of Italy hang the omens of many dangers. Its debt, the result of ceaseless wars, of the extravagance of the papacy, and the cruelty of early kings, is immense, and is increasing. It owes $2,000,000,000; its population is, perhaps, 28,000,000, but the majority of the people are sunk in hopeless poverty. The burden must be excessive; the annual expenditure is about $270,000,000, or nearly equal to our own. The revenue in 1877 exceeded the outlay, but the necessary cost of a powerful army and navy weighs heavily upon the new nation. The Italian army numbers 200,000 men, even in time of peace. Yet much of its debt has been incurred for more useful objects, has built railways, bridges, founded schools, and helped to stimulate that commercial activity which promises to bring to Italy a rich reward. Still more important is the danger that threatens the very existence of the nation: an ultramontane conspiracy always exists to restore the rule of the papacy, and the violent priesthood at home and abroad make no secret of their hope that in some wild convulsion of a general war united Italy may once more be shattered into a series of discordant states. So resolute are the ultramontanes in their purpose that when Father CURCI recently published his work opposing all projects for restoring the temporal power, it was denounced by the Pope, condemned by the Inquisition, the father was himself removed from the order of the Jesuits, to which for fifty years he had belonged—he had once been the editor of the *Civilita Cattolica*—and the Papal Church openly avows its purpose to reconquer Rome, whatever be the fate of Italy.

But there can be no doubt that the sympathy of every civilized government is on the side of Italian unity and independence; the public conscience of mankind is enlisted in the cause of popular progress; the peninsula has become the highway of commerce, the seat of European trade; and Father CURCI wisely warns the ultramontanes that their schemes must prove futile, and that to conquer Rome they must first overpower enraged and courageous Italy. The throne of HUMBERT is founded upon the sympathy of the wiser part of mankind; the cause of Italian unity is dear to every intelligent people; the genius of republicanism, we may trust, will preside over the advancing nation, and unbounded prosperity descend upon the land where European and American freedom found its early home.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A MASONIC PRESENTATION.

ON Friday evening, January 18, a pleasant company assembled in the Commandery Room in Masonic Temple, corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, the occasion being the presentation of a certificate of honorary membership in Pacific Lodge to Past Grand Master HUSTED; also, of an album containing the very complimentary resolutions passed by the Grand Lodge at his retirement from the Grand East; further, of a magnificent Past Grand Master's jewel and ring prepared at the instance of a large number of General HUSTED's brethren in the General Assembly of Masons.

THE JEWEL.

It is proper to say here that General HUSTED declined the usual formal gift from the Grand Lodge, as it is his feeling that none of the Grand Lodge funds not needed for the ordinary routine of business should be diverted from the purposes of charity. The jewel was presented by M. W. Brother COUCH, Grand Master, who made a very appropriate address, to which the recipient made a brief and eloquent response.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PAPER was recently read before the Philosophical Society of Washington by Colonel GARRICK MALLORY in reference to certain prevalent fallacies concerning the North American Indians. Among the more important of these, Colonel MALLORY referred to the idea that the Indian population is dying out and destined ultimately to extinction. He presented an elaborate argument to show that the early estimates in regard to the number belonging to the Indian race in different parts of North America were extremely exaggerated, that two or three hundred thousand souls were credited to regions that could not by any possibility have contained more than ten thousand, and that the later and more accurate enumerations always reduced the figures very materially.

He also read ample testimony to prove that, excepting in certain very unusual cases, the population is actually increasing, especially that of the half-breeds, showing that the Indian race unites kindly with all nationalities, and produces a healthy, vigorous offspring.

The Bureau of Education has also been prosecuting researches in this same direction as to whether the Indians are becoming less in number; and Mr. CLARK, who has charge of this investigation, in a preliminary pamphlet expresses the decided opinion that the usual hypothesis that the Indian population is destined to decline and finally disappear, as the result of contact with white civilization, must be greatly modified, if not abandoned altogether.

It is stated that ALBERT, the well-known German photographer, has discovered a method of photographing the natural colors of objects by means of a combination of the ordinary photographic process with a photographic printing-press invented by himself not long since. The images are said to be so perfect that not the least improvement with the brush is required, as the finest shades of color are faithfully reproduced.

Mr. CLEMENT R. MARKHAM, a very high geographical authority, states that the least-known portion of the globe is at present part of South America, and it is suggested that, as there is here a virgin field for a second STANLEY, it be occupied by STANLEY himself, who may thus become famous in two hemispheres.

The principal route of African exploration has been from east to west, but Lieutenant DE SEMELLÉ has announced his intention of crossing the continent by ascending the Niger, and then striking for Lakes Albert and Victoria, and reaching the east coast of Mombosa or Malinda.

Some years ago M. GUENÉE, in *Annales Soc. Ent. France*, described and figured certain curious organs which he had observed on the last segments of caterpillars of one of the European butterflies, *Lycæna bœtica*, these consisting of a pair of tubes, one on either side of the last segment but one, capable of protrusion and complete retraction, like the horns of a snail, and terminating in a crown of feathery tentacles, and of a hemispherical vesicle emitted from an opening on the top of the next preceding segment. This last was observed to be accompanied, when emitted, by a drop of fluid, which was replaced by another if removed. The object of these organs did not appear, and no farther investigation respecting them seems to have been made. This last summer Mr. W. H. EDWARDS observed that caterpillars of *Lycæna* were constantly attended by ants, which manipulated them after the manner of their "cows," the aphides, greedily licking the surface of these segments. Examinations of alcoholic specimens of caterpillars of several other species of *Lycæna* show the presence of similar organs in each case.

The Fish Commissioners of Wisconsin have published their fourth annual report, for the year 1877, and in this give an account of operations connected with the increase of the food fishes of the State, which have been very extensive and important. Large distributions of eggs of the California salmon, brook trout, and white-fish have been made—of the latter over six millions. With improved apparatus the Commissioners hope to hatch out from twelve to fifteen millions of white-fish during the coming year.

Professor CHURCH, in making a chemical examination of certain varieties of leaves of the maple, ivy, and holly, having green leaves variegated with white, finds a very decided difference in the compositions of the differently colored portions, the green leaves containing one-third more of solid matter than the white.

The mineral matter or ash, however, even if not absolutely more abundant in the white leaves, forms the larger part of their dried matter, which also contain a greater percentage of nitrogen than the green.

Another remarkable difference was seen in the much greater proportion of potash in the white leaves than the green—nearly four to one—while the cases are nearly reversed in regard to the quantity of lime.

Few persons would believe that in 1876 there were 54,830 cattle and 19,273 persons killed in India by wild animals and venomous snakes. The evil seems to be growing, as the percentage of deaths in the central provinces increased from this cause from 617 in 1875 to 1098 in 1876. Large rewards are offered by the government for the destruction of tigers and venomous serpents, but apparently with no effect upon their abundance.

The supporters of the doctrine of transformation or evoluion in animal forms find a striking argument in its favor in the case of certain butterflies, both American and foreign, closely allied species of which were observed to make their appearance at different seasons of the year, which, while possessing some common characteristics, had specific peculiarities by which they were easily distinguished. A suspicion after a time entered the minds of some observing naturalists that these peculiarities represented some climatic or other physical influence upon a much smaller number of species, and experiments on the subject have now satisfactorily shown this relationship.

By subjecting the chrysalids of butterflies—in cases where the winter or early form differs in coloration from the late or summer form—to a temperature of about 40° for a few days, the resulting butterflies will be changed to the winter form; but the summer form will not be produced by the reverse process—application of heat. Dr. AUG. WEISMANN ascertained this by experiments on certain European butterflies, and he regards the winter form in such cases as the original form of the species, and the other as the derivative form. In this country Mr. W. H. EDWARDS has found the same cause to produce the same effect, experimenting largely upon chrysalids of *Papilio ajax* and of *Phyciodes tharos*, as appears by the account given by him in the *Canadian Entomologist*. And by reducing the temperature to 32° he has not only changed the form of the resulting butterfly, but has produced many examples of what is called "suffusion," the definite markings of the wings being lost and the colors running together. Such examples have sometimes been taken in the field, and their occurrence has much puzzled lepidopterists. Mr. EDWARDS believes that such cases in nature may be often owing, if not altogether, to the subjection of the newly formed chrysalis to a low temperature for a few days, possibly enveloping it with ice or snow. *Phyciodes packardii*, Saunders, is discovered to be only a suffused *tharos*, of the same character as the examples so produced artificially.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THAT popular collection of miniature books known as "Harper's Half-hour Series" has now reached the fiftieth volume, and a more entertaining library of the kind is not to be found in English literature. It comprises novelettes by the most popular authors, treatises on subjects of general interest, essays and historical studies, primers of Greek, Latin, and mediæval literature, etc. Any one of the volumes will be sent by mail on receipt of the price, or the whole collection of fifty on receipt of ten dollars, in either case postage free. Thus for an almost nominal price one may obtain an elegant and useful little library, which will furnish entertainment for many a winter evening.

At the recent annual meeting of the Training School for Nurses in this city it was shown by the reports that the institution is in a flourishing condition, and accomplishing much good. The number of nurses has been increased to fifty-six, forty of whom are in Bellevue Hospital. In November a class of twelve passed the requisite examinations, and received diplomas. The report states that besides those taken care of in hospitals, one hundred and eleven persons have been nursed in private houses during the year. The usefulness of this school is unquestioned. Physicians, both in hospitals and in private sick-rooms, place a high value upon the skillful services of these trained nurses. About one-half of the amount expended for necessary purposes by the managers of the school during 1877 was derived from Bellevue Hospital and from the employment of the society's nurses in private families. The remainder was from subscriptions. But the "hard times" have somewhat diminished donations during the year, and a debt of about two thousand dollars has been incurred, to cancel which extra efforts will be made during the present year. It is surely for the benefit of the whole community that every encouragement be given to the systematic training of skilled nurses.

The curious will of Dr. Martyn Paine, which was probably the most voluminous one ever presented to the Surrogate of this city, is now to be contested on legal grounds. By the provisions of it, real estate was left in trust to Harvard College, the rents to accumulate until they reached a certain amount. This sum was to be invested in fitting up a library at the college to perpetuate the memory of a son of Dr. Paine, who died, under very sad circumstances, soon after his graduation. Objections to the legality of the will have been made by a nephew of Dr. Paine.

Over $10,000 was raised by the benefit performances for Mr. John Brougham recently held at the Academy of Music. Out of this sum the expenses—which were not heavy—will be paid, and the remainder will be a fund for the personal use of the beneficiary. The continued illness of Mr. Brougham prevented his appearance at the entertainments, which embraced an unusual array of talent.

Forty-six leading artists have each contributed a valuable picture to be disposed of for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Trinity, of which the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., is pastor. These paintings are of cabinet size, fresh from the easels of the artists, and executed in their best style.

Truly "the school-master is abroad." A few years ago about twenty per cent. of the recruits of the English army were obliged to confess their ignorance of the art of penmanship by putting a cross to their names; but at the present time scarcely five per cent. of them are unable to write. But at the British pension offices nearly one-third of the old soldiers can not write their names.

In view of the prevalence of diphtheria, which is regarded as a contagious and dangerous disease, the Boston Board of Health has given notice that hereafter certain provisions of the General Statutes will be strictly enforced. These are, in effect, that every householder shall immediately give notice to the Board of Health when any member of his family is taken sick with any disease dangerous to public health, a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars being imposed for refusal or neglect of this duty; and that every physician shall report to the Board of Health every case of disease dangerous to the public health that comes within his practice, on penalty, for refusal or neglect to give such notice, of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars.

At Chatham, England, immense works are in progress for the extension of the dock-yard, which will make that naval yard probably the finest and most important in the world. These works have been going on for several years, and four or five more are likely to elapse before all is complete. About 1500 hands are employed, the majority being convicts. The extension consists of three immense basins, which will have a combined area of seventy-four acres, and four graving-docks, sufficiently large to accommodate the largest vessel that is ever likely to be built. When finished, with all the stores, workshops, etc., erected, the new portion will be larger than the old yard, and, combined, the dock-yard will have a river frontage of over three miles.

The *Court Journal* relates a little incident of Mr. Carlyle, who is a frequent visitor to the London Library. Other distinguished men go there also, and recently a discussion arose between Mr. Carlyle and another celebrity. The point in question involved a reference to one of Mr. Carlyle's own books. On application to the librarian it could not be found, and the two worthies sallied out to purchase a copy at a bookseller's, whose counters were literally covered with novels. To the astonishment of Mr. Carlyle, the bookseller told him he never heard of such a book, and offered the old man a copy of Miss Braddon's *Weavers and Weft*. The sequel need hardly be told: Mr. Carlyle rushed out of the shop, shook hands with his friend, and went home to Chelsea in utter disgust.

Preparations are being made for a large garden on the grounds of the Lenox Library.

"Fame," a huge statue destined to surmount the Palais du Trocadéro, on the Exposition grounds, is nearly complete in the studio of Mercée.

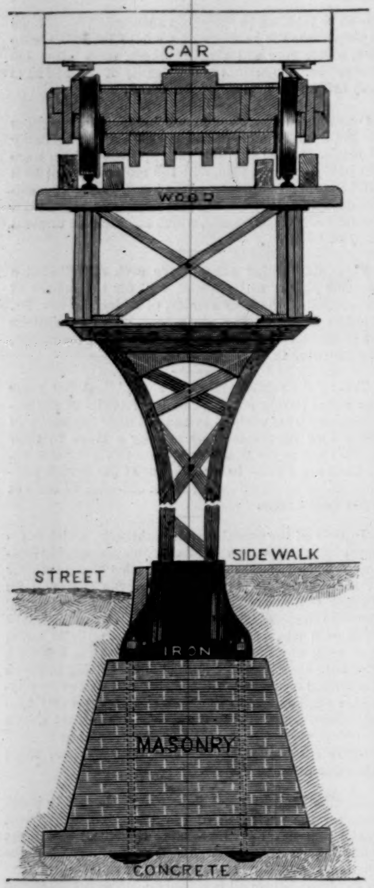
Victor Hugo seems to have thought the example of Baron Rothschild, in showing his appreciation of the politeness of the drivers of the omnibuses in which he travels, worthy to be followed. The baron sent some acceptable gifts to drivers and conductors not long ago, and now Victor Hugo, with kind words, sends 500 francs to be distributed among the employés of the Paris Omnibus Company.

Five hundred men are reported to be at work building a magnificent temple for the Mormons on the summit of a mountain in Manti, Utah.

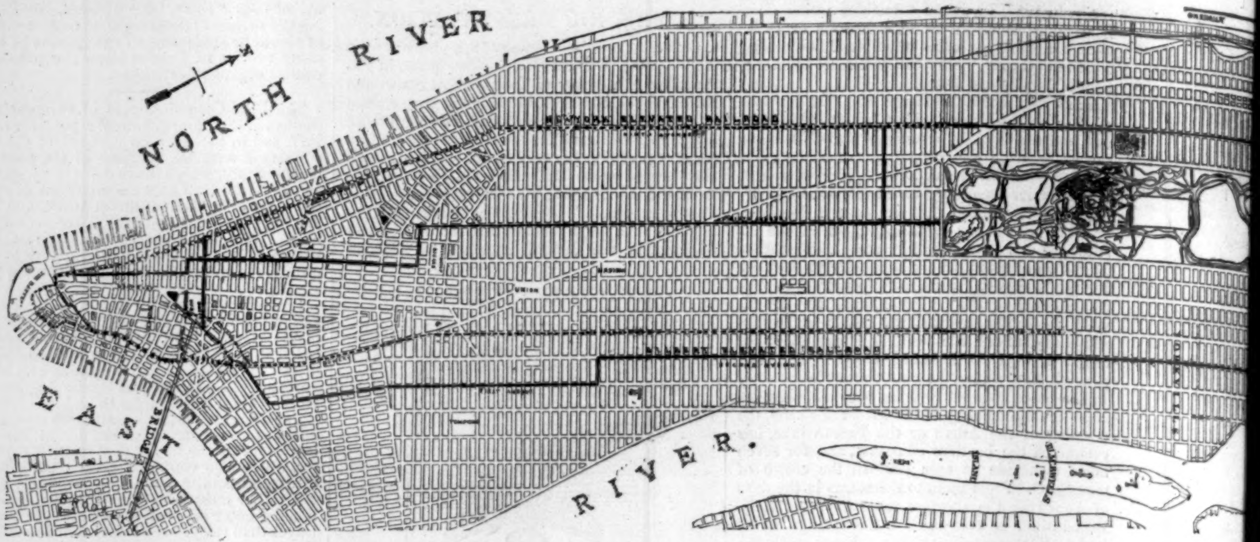
In Glasgow an ingenious expedient has been adopted for scattering the crowd that usually assembles at a fire. This is merely a small hose attached to one of the engines, and under the charge of one of the firemen. He begins by showering a small space around the engine, but gradually enlarges it, until the retreating crowd give ample room, so that the operations of the firemen are not impeded.

Mystery still surrounds the origin of the explosion and fire in Barclay Street. But the attention of the public is turned to the investigation of many substances not dangerous or combustible in the form in which they are ordinarily used, but which in certain conditions become highly explosive. Thus, particles of fine flour, starch, cork, and other substances, when mingled with common air in certain proportions, make a highly explosive atmosphere, as facts have proved. Chlorate of potash is not dangerous by itself, but mixed with sugar and starch would be a very inflammable and explosive compound. And it is well known that flour, starch, and chlorate of potash are all used in candy manufactories, the latter being a prominent ingredient of certain kinds of lozenges.

At the recent Philharmonic Concert in New York Mr. Frederick Bergner played on a superb violoncello, which is described as a "genuine Cremona—a masterpiece of Antonio Stradivarius, finished with all that exquisite perfection of outline, harmony of proportions, and elegance of external aspect which distinguish the best works of this inimitable maker." The New York *Tribune* says: "If it were possible to fix a market value for a rarity which is never in the market, its value, we suppose, would be set somewhere in the thousands. Its pure, round, even, and luscious tone was distinguished above all the rest of the instruments in the orchestra, although it was not unduly loud, and was certainly not forced in the playing. There were passages in the Volkmann 'Serenade' where nine 'cellos were struck together, and yet this marvellous instrument, absorbing the other eight, was the only one heard."



GREENWICH STREET FOUNDATION, COLUMN, AND TRACK, NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.

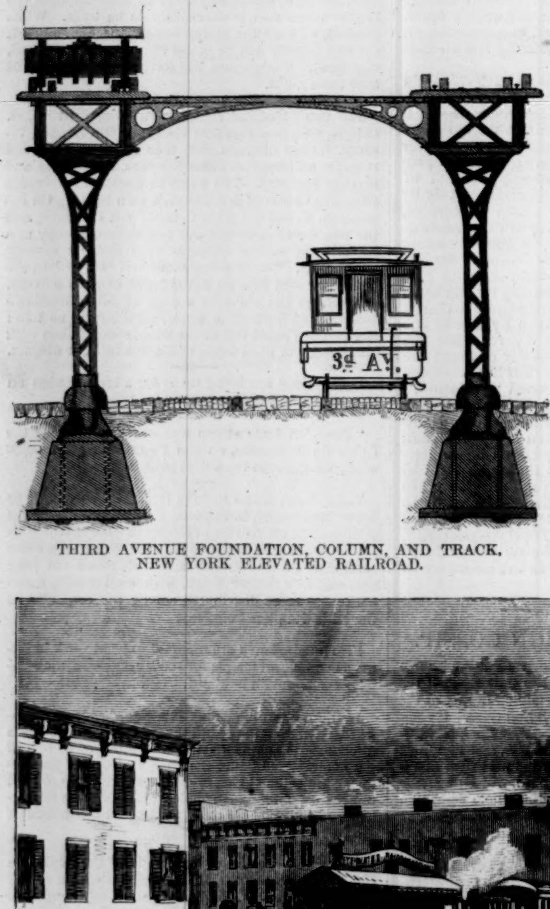


MAP OF NEW YORK CITY, SHOWING TH

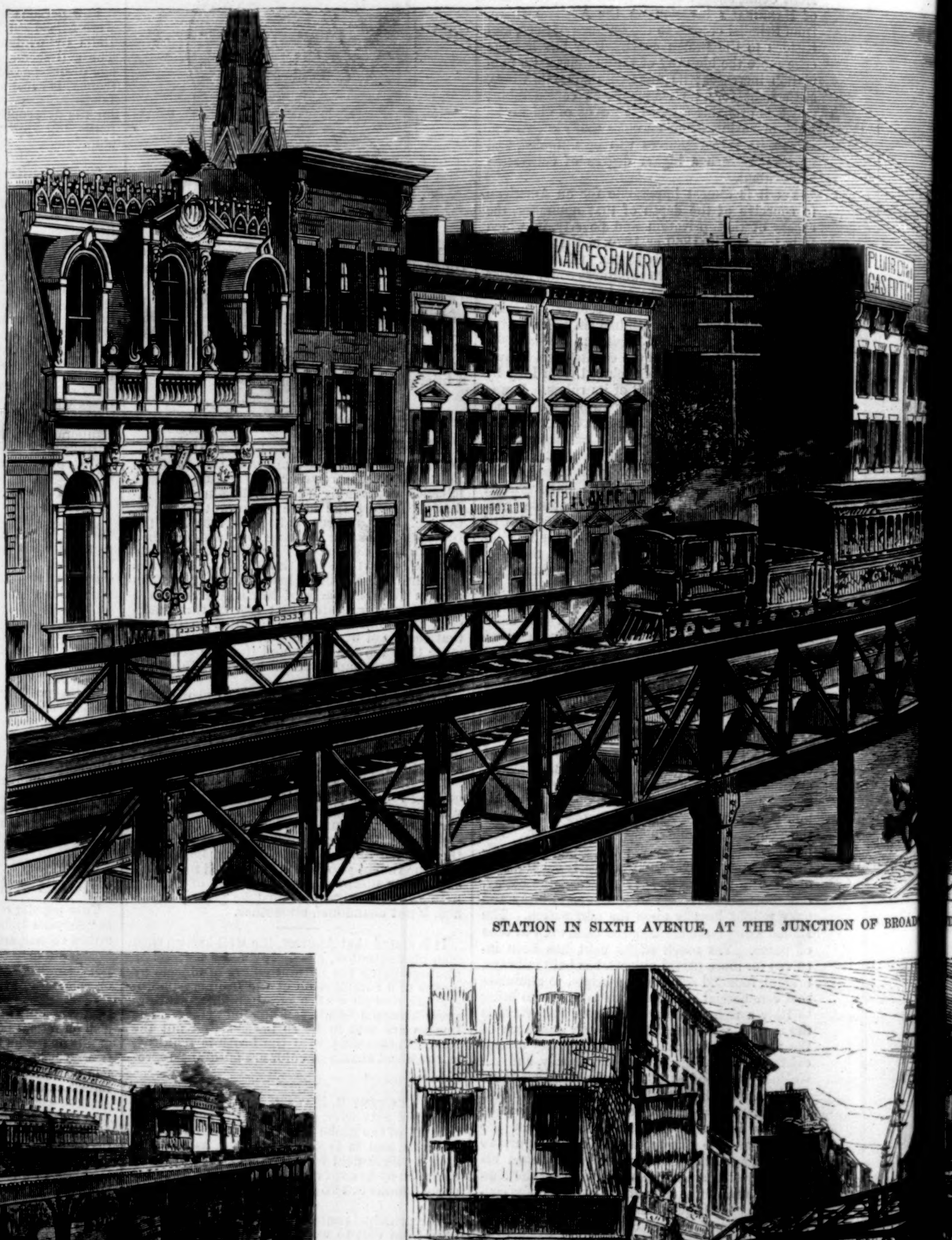
GILBERT ELEVATED RAILWAY.

NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.

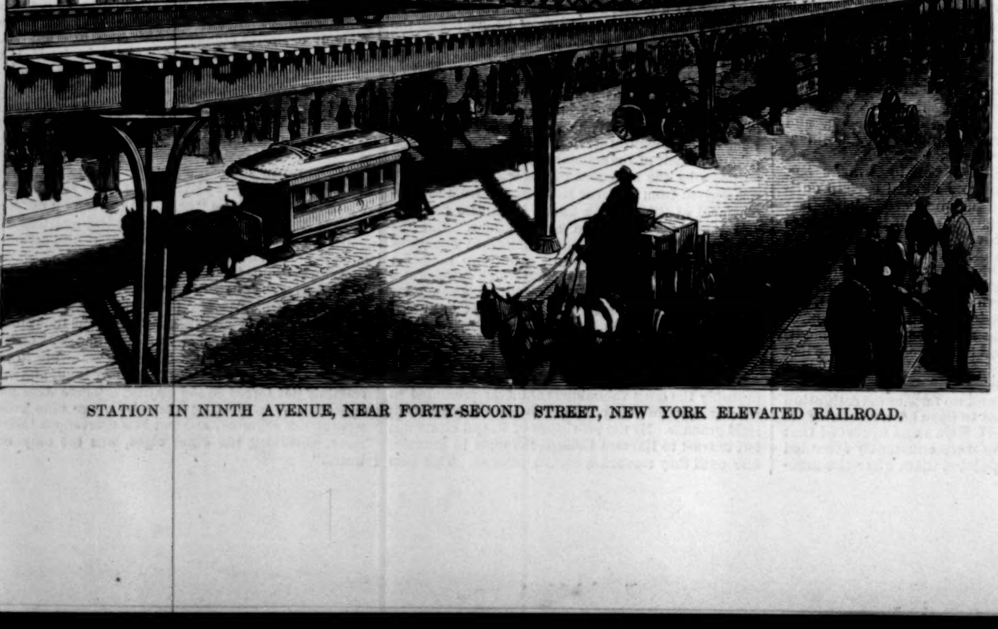
TRACK AND ROUTE USED BY BOTH COMPANIES.



THIRD AVENUE FOUNDATION, COLUMN, AND TRACK, NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.



STATION IN SIXTH AVENUE, AT THE JUNCTION OF BROAD



STATION IN NINTH AVENUE, NEAR FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.

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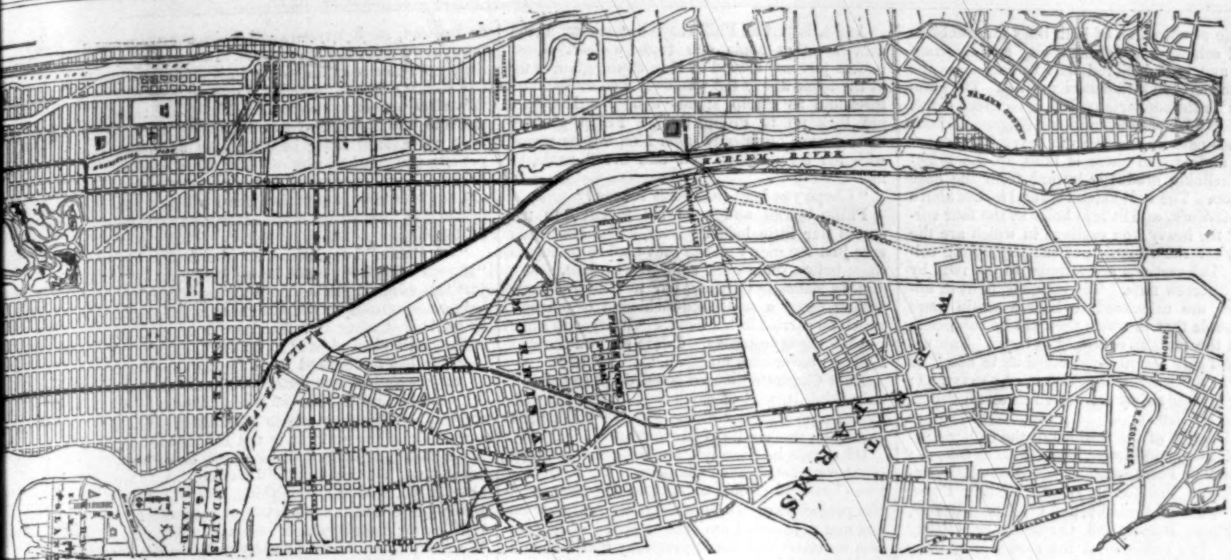

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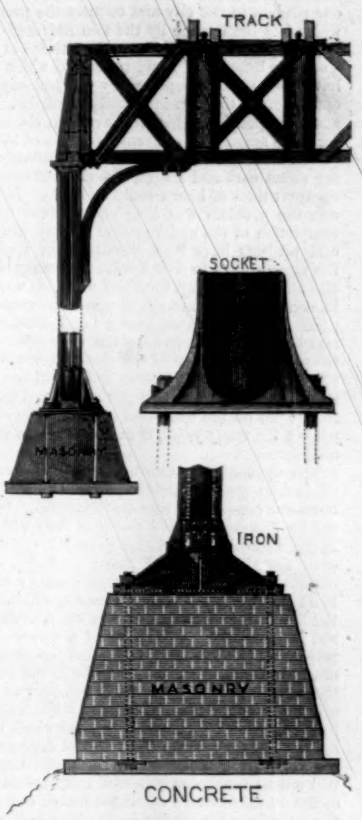
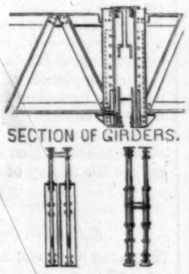
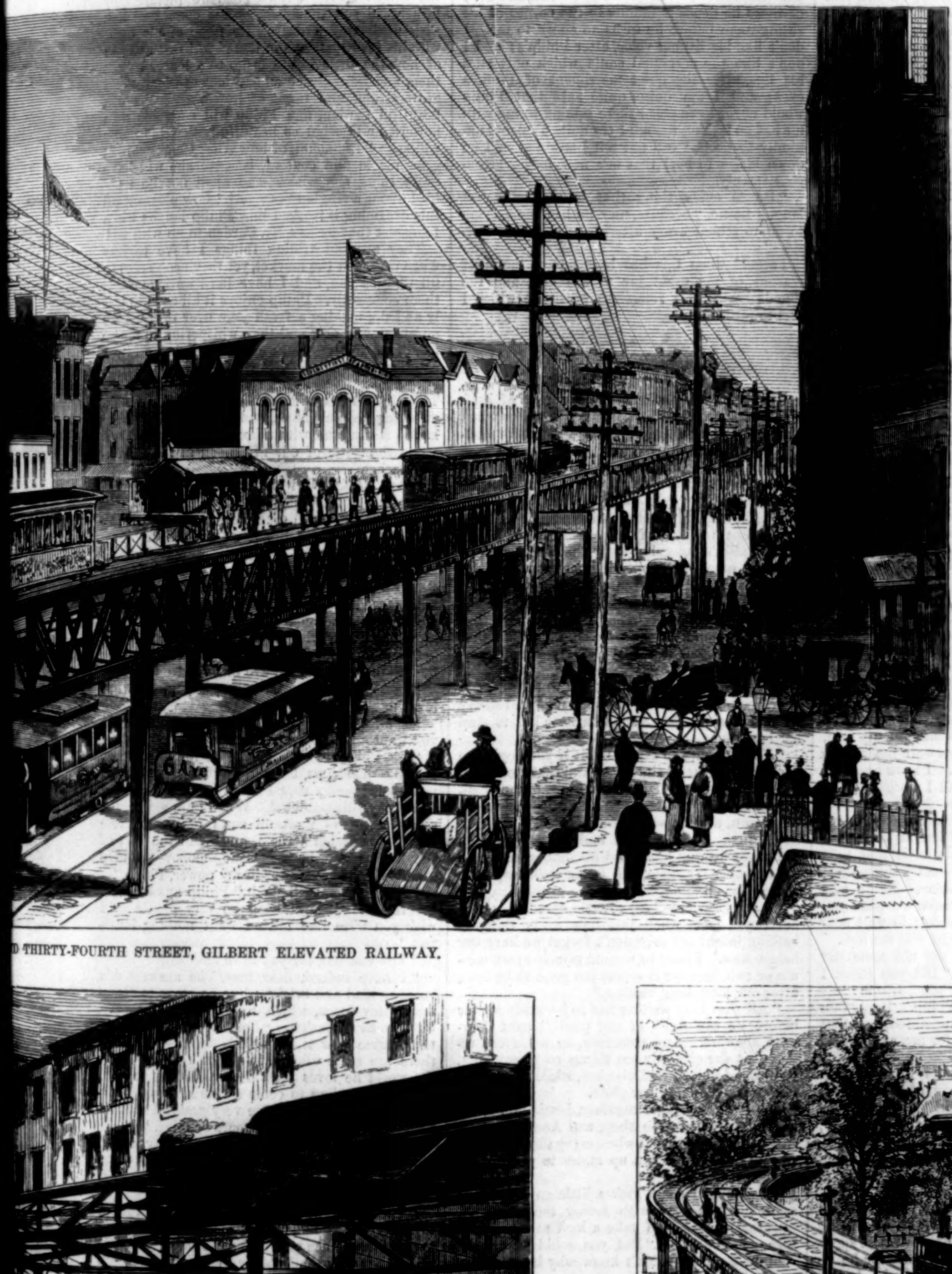
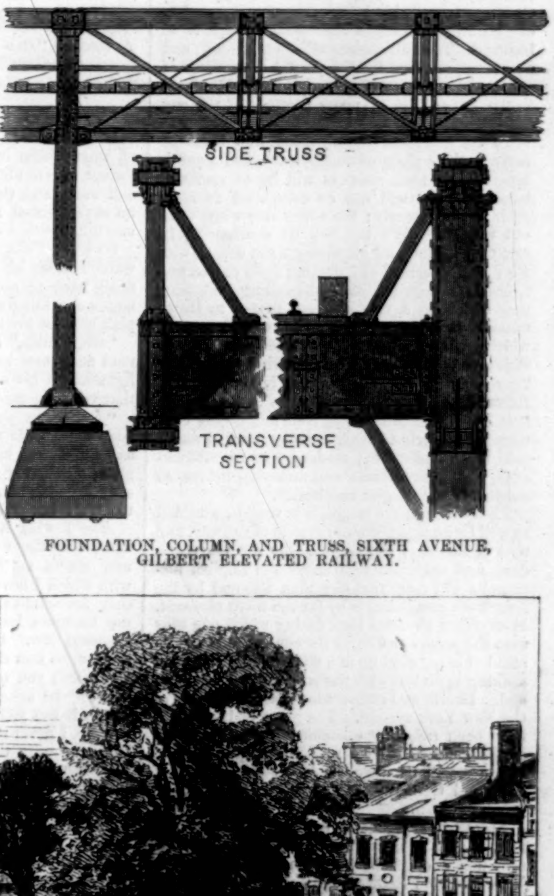


FOUNDATION AND COLUMN, WEST BROADWAY, GILBERT ELEVATED RAILWAY.

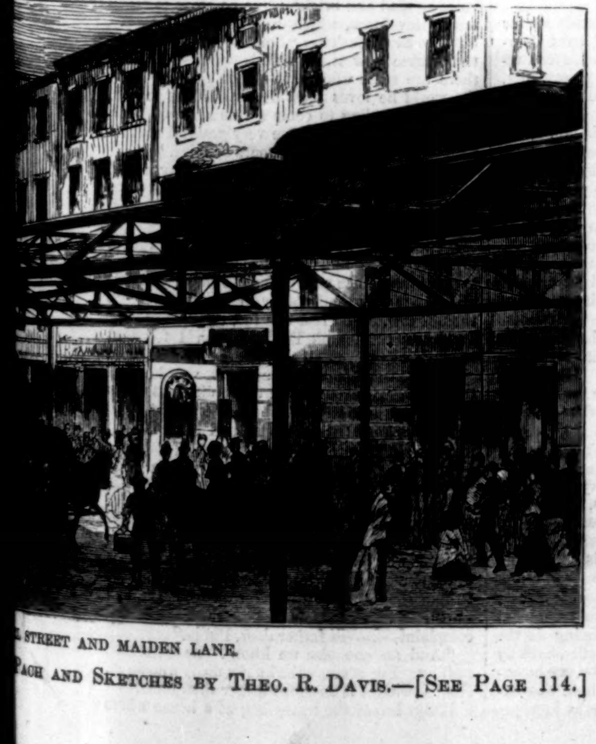




BROAD... THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, GILBERT ELEVATED RAILWAY.



FOUNDATION, COLUMN, AND TRUSS, SIXTH AVENUE, GILBERT ELEVATED RAILWAY.



...OTH ... STREET AND MAIDEN LANE.

STATION ON THE BATTERY, NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.

...TOGRA... PACH AND SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[See Page 114.]

RAPID TRANSIT.

The sketches, diagrams, and plans presented in our opening pages this week will serve to show our readers in the city and country the progress which has been made by the two Elevated Railway companies to confer upon the citizens of New York the benefits of rapid transit, of which they have been so long deprived by the jealousy and opposition of the horse-railroad companies. For years the people of this city have been clamorous for more speedy and convenient means of getting to and from their business than was afforded by the street cars and stages, and cheaper than the cheapest lines of hacks could be made. In London the problem was long since solved by the completion of the under-ground railway, and several projects have been discussed for applying the same system to New York. But many obstacles stood in the way, the chief of which was the immense expense attendant upon the construction. It is understood that a London company stands ready to undertake the enterprise; but the partial completion of one line of elevated railroad, and the rapid progress making in the construction of a second, will probably have the effect to put off the execution of the under-ground project for many years, if not to cause its entire abandonment.

The opposition encountered by the elevated roads from property-holders, as well as from the horse-car companies, was quite natural. It can not be pleasant to have trains of cars whizzing by one's second-story windows every five minutes, even though the rate of speed precludes a too curious scrutiny of private apartments; and it must be confessed that the tracks, whether on the line of the sidewalks or over the roadway, do not improve the appearance of a street. But private objections and individual convenience must always yield when they stand in the way of the greatest good of the greatest number; and the grievances of the few are nothing when weighed in the balance with the vast benefits which thousands upon thousands of people will derive from the completion of these lines. These benefits will not be for those alone who avail themselves of the means of cheap and rapid transit to live in the suburbs of the great city. The vast tenement population of the lower part of New York can not fail to be sensibly diminished by the exodus, and those who remain will enjoy more elbow-room, even if a large space now devoted to overcrowded tenements should be given over to business. Thus all classes will be benefited; and as a compensation for the partial disfiguring of a few streets, there will be a great improvement in the appearance of many portions of the city now abandoned to misery and squalor.

To the working classes, those who must be early at their place of employment, and leave it late, the elevated railways will be of immense benefit. They will not be compelled to leave their homes so early; the weary ride when worn out with the day's toil will be shortened. In stormy weather and all through the dreary winter months, instead of shivering from one to two hours in a crowded, cold, ill-smelling horse-car, they will have a ride of from fifteen to thirty minutes in a comfortable and easy conveyance, which, without jolt or jar, will take them home in fifteen or thirty minutes after leaving their work. There will be no dread of the benevolent Mr. BERGH or his agents stepping up to detach the iron horse, and compelling frail and poorly clad women and girls to trudge weary miles through mud, slush, and storm; no danger of snow-blockades, with their tedious and annoying delays, so detrimental to temper and health.

These advantages might, it is true, be attained as well by an under-ground system of railway, like that of London; but no one who has taken the dark and cheerless ride under the English metropolis will deny that the plan adopted by the New York companies is by far the more pleasant. It affords a cheerful ride, during which one may read the papers and enjoy the sunlight and air, instead of being shut up in a dimly lighted car, with nothing to do but wish the trip would come to an end. Health and comfort are both on the side of the New York system. The plans of both roads have been carefully examined by European engineers, and there is a probability that elevated railways will be introduced in several cities of Italy and Germany in preference to the under-ground system.

From our sketches and diagrams our readers will be able to note the different modes of construction adopted by the managers of the New York Elevated Railroad and the Gilbert Elevated Railway, and the lines of route followed by each on the east and west sides of the city. Except for a short distance in Ninth Avenue and in Pearl Street, as indicated in the map, the routes are separate. In addition to that portion already completed and in operation from Sixty-first Street and Ninth Avenue to and across the Battery, the New York Elevated Railway will pass through State, Whitehall, Front, and Pearl streets, across Franklin Square, and up the New Bowery, the Bowery, and Third Avenue, connecting with Fulton, Thirty-fourth Street, and Astoria ferries. The Gilbert Elevated Railway, starting on the south side of Harlem River, at Kingsbridge, will pass through River Street, Eighth Avenue to One-Hundred-and-Tenth Street, thence through Ninth Avenue to Fifty-third Street, thence through Sixth Avenue to Amity Street, thence through South Fifth Avenue, West Broadway, Church Street, Bowling Green, Beaver, Pearl, New Bowery, Division, and Allen streets, through First Avenue to Twenty-third Street, thence through Second Avenue to Harlem, and along River Street across to Eighth Avenue. There will also be a connecting line through Chambers and Chatham streets from West Broadway to Division Street. We give the main direction of the routes, without noticing minor deviations, which could only be described at a needless sacrifice of space.

In the construction of both lines the combination of solidity and lightness was an important object, and it is believed that in each case the problem has been satisfactorily solved. The foundations for the supports are laid in concrete, stone, and brick-work, as shown in our diagrams. Four long rods pass up through the heavy foundation-stones, and around these is built up the brick-work, inclining gradually inward from the base to the top. The rods extend several inches above the brick-work, and fit into holes at the four corners of the heavy iron castings in which are the sockets for the reception of the supporting columns. The castings are secured to the rods by means of screw nuts. The columns, light in appearance, are calculated to bear a strain more than double that to which they will be subjected, so that the margin of safety is large. The engines and cars are so constructed as to admit of curves in the track with a radius of ninety feet; and for greater safety the outer rail on all curves is raised six inches.

The location of the stations of the Gilbert Elevated Railway on the west side will be as follows: Fifty-second, Forty-second, Thirty-fourth, Twenty-third, and Fourteenth streets, Clinton Place, Bleecker, Grand, Franklin, and Chambers streets, Park Place, Morris and Cortlandt or Liberty streets. The locations of the east side stations are as yet undetermined.

The west side stations of the New York Elevated Railroad are already known; on the east side they will be located as follows: South Ferry, Hanover Square, Wall Street Ferry, Fulton Ferry, Franklin Square, Chatham Square, Canal and Prince streets, the Bible House, Fourteenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-third, and Thirty-fourth streets, and Grand Central Dépôt.

The completion of these two lines of elevated road may be looked for within a few months, and when our citizens shall have once realized the convenience and comfort they bring, they will wonder at the apathy which so long condemned them to endure the misery of the horse-cars.

(Continued from No. 1100, page 71.)

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A Shadow on the Threshold.

By MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "UNDER THE WILL," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

It is next morning, and at last I can tell father of what Philip came to break to me yesterday. Father says but little; only bids me have courage and wait; and then— But no need what more he says, in that low long whisper of his, while one thin gentle hand lies on my head.

So when Philip comes in, a few minutes afterward, I meet him just as he must be so very much used to see me meet him, with both my hands so willingly offered, and my eyes telling so plainly what joy it is to see him.

"Oh, Philip," I cry, in untold gladness, as I read some new look in his face, and hear a new lightness in his step, "it is not good-by! I see that you have good news for me at last—at last."

"Not quite yet, my dearest," he says, even laughing a little to see the gladness of my face, as he could not laugh if his own were not just as glad; "but very soon, I think. I have heard of such a good chance, Jeanie, and I am going now to try for it. Wish me success, dear love."

How I wish it him no one need ever know, while only the wonderful sunlight all about me now shows me how great has been that pain with which I have fought so secretly since—just only four-and-twenty hours before—Philip told me he must leave me. Perhaps we need not separate now. He might be going to wait near us now, so that each day I might still see him.

"Didn't you wonder that I did not come last night?" he asks, presently. "Did you think I forgot it was your father's birthday, Jeanie?"

"No, I never thought that, Philip. I only fancied you were tired and disappointed, and that you thought it would be hard for me, as I should be faint-hearted, and spoil—"

"—Every thing," Philip puts in, with that pleasant laugh of his that I have heard so seldom lately. "You generally do spoil every thing for every body. Witness your keeping me here now, and spoiling my chance for me."

"But what is it, Philip?" I question, taking away my hand, and looking perfectly ready to part with him.

"My old master has advertised for a first-class hand for Worcester-work, Jeanie, and I am going now to beg for his choice. I have my best specimens, and he will help me, I'm sure, for he always said my flowers were unequalled. It will be such a good berth, my dear. They are the finest works in Worcestershire, and—and no one could be more grateful than I should be to get the post."

"When shall you know, Philip?"—the words falter a little in my irrepressible delight.

"In a few days, love. But you will see me to-night. I can not spend another day without a few minutes' rest and enjoyment with you. *This* is no birthday festival for me to spoil with my long face. Good-by, dear love."

"I too, Philip," I cry, my eyes dancing with delight, "shall have good news to tell you, I believe. What should you say if by that time we had a—lodger up stairs?"

"My darling, if you thought to have the Koh-i-noor, you could not look more grateful," Philip says, pausing one moment on the threshold, and glancing almost sadly into my face. "What should I say?—I should say, 'happy fellow!'"

And it is just as Philip says it, standing in the doorway, that some one from without turns, pauses just one second as if in doubt, glances up at the name above the windows, then crosses the threshold as Philip stands upon it. He does not look up to Philip, though Philip glances down rather quizzically upon him, but he turns, with his ceremonious bow and broad smile, to me.

"I hope you kept the rooms for me?"

Philip smiles and nods his farewell to me across our little lodger's head, and I see in his eyes just the merry glance that used to belong to them before times grew so hard with him.

"My name is Carden," our new lodger says, setting down a small old-fashioned hair trunk which he carried in his hand. "I forgot to leave you my name yesterday. I dare say you thought I should never turn up again."

Aunt Charlotte thought so—I don't say that, I only think it, while I catch myself staring with inexcusable curiosity at the hideous bull's head carved on the handle of his umbrella.

Of course he does not guess how sorely last night we were tempted not to keep the rooms for him (I remind myself of that, and of how good *this* project seemed before the other flashed upon us), and presently I am just as proud of leading him up stairs as I knew yesterday that I should be if he really decided to come.

He has no luggage but the small hair trunk and the umbrella with the bull's head, and both of these he deposits faddily in the corner of his sitting-room before he turns to speak to me. I don't like his lisping voice, after Philip's; and I don't like the perpetual smile which only stirs his lips, after the quiet merriment of Philip's eyes; and I am quite, quite sure that Philip would never have stood there talking to me with his hat on! Yet, though I try quite hard and unkindly to do it, I can not tell Lottie (when I go down stairs to her) that our new lodger is ungentlemanly.

"He is every thing that is nice, Jeanie," laughs Lottie, "because, now he has come, I am to go to school every afternoon; you don't forget?"

Forget! when this has been one of the chief reasons of my great joy to see him, and the foundation of this ridiculous gratitude which I feel toward him.

CHAPTER V.

EVERY Saturday afternoon is a sort of half-holiday for us. Until these last few weeks when Philip has been unemployed, and so busily seeking employment, he has always made it a gala afternoon for me, and very often for either father or Lottie too. But lately that has been impossible, and we have only gone together for a pleasant walk, after my little marketing excursion is over. But to-day I feel so very, very happy about Philip's not going away that I know, if we can only manage a walk together to the Columbia Market, it will be quite a joyful afternoon. Three or four precious hours with Philip, and all the while the happy consciousness that he is not going away from me into another world, as I thought until yesterday—happy yesterday!

All morning I sing about my work, and run from room to room, and say such mad and merry words to Lottie, that Aunt Charlotte has to stop her laughing.

"You are sure to cry at night if you begin the day with laughter," she says; and that stops Lottie quite effectually. But it can not stop my happy thoughts. And when I run to kiss father on his return, and he sees them in my eyes, I think he is glad. My seed-cake and Sunday pudding are made by that time, and his dinner ready, so we sit down at once, and father tells us, quite cheerfully, all about his morning in the city.

"Aunt Charlotte," says Lottie, wondering over her grave face, when just now every thing is looking bright for us, "don't forget we have our lodger now. I have to remind myself every minute or two, because it seems too good to be true, after our long, long waiting."

"All that long waiting has to be made up for before we can think of any profit," Aunt Charlotte answers. And somehow, in my great regret that she can only see things so sorrowfully, I go round quietly and kiss her, while I only pretend to be changing her plate.

We clear the table together, Lottie and I, because father is in the shop, and Aunt Charlotte will nap a little. And when every thing is washed and put away, I run up stairs to prepare for my walk with Philip.

"I wish you could look a little gayer," Lottie says, surveying me with loving though rather dissatisfied eyes, as I take a look at myself before going down. "But you could never look shabby, Jeanie. I don't know why it is—I dare say Philip knows."

I am still laughing over my little sister's loving nonsense, as she runs down stairs with me, when I hear Philip's voice in the parlor. He is begging father to let him close the shop (as we used to do on Saturday afternoons), but father says no, he will keep it open to-day. Then Philip sees me, and comes and kisses me, and takes from me the bag I shall want for my marketing.

"Please don't expect us home very early," he says, while I give my good-by kisses, "because I want to tempt Jeanie into the museum for an hour."

Of course he knows no tempting is needed beyond his wish to go; of course he sees in a moment that I am delighted at the thought; yet he pretends to look as if it were a very doubtful matter indeed. Mr. Carden is standing at the shop door; and as Philip has been called back by Aunt Charlotte, and only the little boys are hovering about me, I stay and speak to him, wondering what it is that makes him seem so lonely—so isolated, as it were—whether in our rather noisy house or in the busy street. In his halting, lisping way, he asks me where I am going, and I tell him, my eyes brightening, I'm sure, as I add that after my marketing is over, Philip will take me into the Bethnal Green Museum. But he does not answer that; he only asks me, quite politely (though he looks out into the street the while) if I will kindly buy him a pound of tea—if I don't forget. I promise him I will not forget, and by that time Philip is free, and we start off together.

"Oh, Philip," I say, lifting my glad face to his, "if only every body could be as happy as I am just this minute! How very, very lonely our new lodger seems to-day! Did you notice how strangely he looked after us? and he was looking so still, when I glanced back at father."

Philip has not noticed that; but he too seems to have remarked that strange solitariness about Mr. Carden, and he talks of it now, wondering if there is any thing he can do to lessen it. What a walk it is for us! It is not bright weather, nor is there any thing pretty or fresh on the way, yet it seems to me a beautiful walk to-day, as we saunter on, seeing every thing, hearing every thing, yet talking all the while to each other of that happy future which seems now so near. We picture—oh, how brilliantly we picture it!—that home Philip will earn in Worcestershire, and to which, he tells me, he shall fetch me in the bright spring days. Then we picture how father will sell the business and come and live with us, having a dear little room of his own, with his favorite books in it, and will rest at last; of how the little boys can go to a better school then, and Lottie learn as she longs to learn, and grow strong and rosy; of how we will have a beautiful garden, and Philip will copy his own flowers, and design so beautifully that his name will soon be famous; of how Aunt Charlotte will grow placid and content, because she will have every thing she wishes, and shall not be troubled about a single thing. Ah! how pleasant all this dreaming is! And how Philip laughs when I suggest that we ask Mr. Carden to go with us!

They are but trifling things I have to buy when we reach the market, yet they soon seem to fill Philip's bag, and I have hard work to pack them compactly. Philip enjoys it all as childishly as I do, making a fresh joke over every fresh purchase, and now and then whispering to me so merrily about our future housekeeping, while I pack my parcels into the bag, that more than once I look up to catch some one smiling at us. There is always a great fascination for me in watching people's faces, and once or twice Philip has to remind me, with a laugh, that we need not spend the *whole* of our afternoon in the Columbia Market.

"But, Philip," I whisper, stooping to put a rosy apple into the begrimed little hand of a city Arab, "isn't it worth much to see a real babyish smile of enjoyment break on such a haggard, worldly little face?"

"There is very little that is babyish here," Philip answers, giving way, as one of the eager, half-starved children shuffle by, groping for stray morsels. "I wonder how it feels to a lad to grow up utterly without care or love—never understanding what it is to love? It can scarcely be like life, because we live in what we love."

"Don't we live even more, Philip, in what loves us?"

He only smiles without answering me. "Do you want any thing more, love?"

"Oh, Philip," I sigh, in one of my unpleasant passing moods, as I make way for a sickly old man who passes us, "I want so many things! I'm always discontented. When I am among the shops I always want all sorts of comfortable things for father's room, and—and the rest of the house; and here I want—money—to help others. Nothing is ever in my power, Philip."

"Then others will do it," Philip answers me, his rebukes always being so very gentle. "I wish you were like me. I want nothing but—you."

"You can not, for you have me."

"I have indeed, dear love," he answers, his voice so glad and bright, while he stops to disentangle my frock, which has been caught by a busy woman's basket. "Sometimes, Jeanie, I try to imagine how a man feels when—we know there are some who do it—when the one in all the world he loves most dearly changes to him. I hate the feeling to come across me even for a moment; but it makes me very grateful that no pain like *that* can ever be yours or mine."

"Suppose"—I am just seeing that my money is right before we leave the market—"that turns out a bad thing for us, Philip, and 'our love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.'"

"There is great danger indeed," laughs Philip, looking only at me, while I close my purse, and give a final glance among the crowd. "There is no change I can not fancy in our lives except that, Jeanie. You feel this too, my dearest?"

"Always. But, oh, Philip, I wish I felt that my love was to you all that yours is to me!"

"So it is—or more," he answers, very low and tenderly. "Of course there are different kinds of love you give us; but there is one that holds and raises and strengthens us, and yours is that, my dearest."

"And we needn't mind poverty, even if it stays with us, need we, Philip?"

"No, darling. I would not give up my love for the riches of any other man in the world."

"I think a walk here does one good, Philip," I say, as we go slowly out into the street. "It is well, now and then, to see how poor others are. I think the first step toward growing brave, and worthy to be well off, is to bear denial—without complaint—as—as father does, Philip."

"And no one else we know?" he questions, smiling. For of course he knows many who do so. His knowledge is so much larger than mine.

Philip leaves the heavy bag at a house where

he once lodged for a time, and then we walk on, more quickly, to Bethnal Green. We choose a way through narrow, dingy streets, not only because it is shorter, but because we escape the din of the Hackney Road, and can hear each other's voices. So the way seems quite short, and when we reach the museum, I am eagerly ready to enjoy every thing. It always dazzles me a little just at first, because, of course, there has been nothing on our way to prepare us for suddenly standing surrounded by splendor—Indian splendor, which surely must outshine our own royal magnificence.

I don't know how long a time Philip and I have spent, standing rapt and delighted—Philip especially—before the exquisite handiwork of other men, when at last we go up stairs to the picture-gallery.

"You are so patient and pleasant while I keep you dawdling among the porcelain, Jeanie," Philip says (he often tells a fib like that), "that you deserve a rest among the pictures. I know you like that."

Most of the seats are occupied, but presently we find one on which there is only a small old gentleman, with an open book in his hand—a curious little old gentleman, in a huge great-coat, and a broad-brimmed hat, like a Quaker in a picture.

"Pleasant place for a holiday, Sir," observes Philip, presently, in that genial-hearted way of his. But the old gentleman only looks icily at us through his spectacles; then, after an ominous little silence, remarks pointedly that it is not every body who can take a holiday when he chooses. I think how mistaken he is in supposing that Philip can, and I think how much more the heart can make a holiday than the fact of having no work to do; but there seems a sort of suppressed rage about this little old gentleman, so I don't venture to speak at all to him, but turn a little sideways and look again at that strange painting of the six days of the Creation. I wonder once more why the angels have all the same melancholy eyes, set very far apart, and the same squeamish expression on their lips. I wonder again whether it is the weight of their hair, or the fact of their being so much alike, which makes them all feel unhappy. And then my thoughts go on from the wonderful painting of the picture to the still more wonderful story it tells, until I am recalled by Philip's dear happy tones, and I find he is talking away to that little old gentleman on his favorite subject of china painting. He speaks like the true artist he is, but there is not the faintest expression of sympathy in his listener's face.

"I could fancy no prouder moment," Philip says, "than to have it given me to paint a wreath upon the turquois blue of real old Sèvres—the new, both in color and in finish, is not to be compared with it."

"You could fancy no prouder moment," repeats the little old gentleman, with a sort of grunt. "Then what about this moment when you have your—your sweetheart, eh—beside you?"

"She understands," Philip answers, with his pleasant smile. "She knows that that moment could not come unless she were beside me."

"What?" exclaimed the little old gentleman, with a sharp glance across Philip, straight into my face. "You are thinking of marrying, eh?"

"Yes," I answer, quite readily, fearing Philip may feel angry for my sake.

But Philip is too happy to be angry. "Yes," he says, quite proudly, and with a strange look down upon the old gentleman, as if he even pitied him, "I am proud and grateful to say we are thinking, as you say, of marrying."

"You live in this neighborhood, I suppose?" inquired this curt old gentleman, and yet not rudely: indeed, so almost gently that I am not surprised to hear Philip do more than simply answer him. He tells of his art education; of his success in his profession; of the broken arm which has been such a terribly serious thing to him; of his difficulty in winning another engagement afterward; of the long seeking and waiting; and then of this new appointment which he feels so sure of gaining. Very quietly the old gentleman sits to listen, yet his voice is any thing but kindly when he breaks the silence which follows Philip's little story.

"I advise you to go to this new appointment without a *wife*."

"I must," Philip says, while I feel a little uncomfortable, and try to fix my thoughts, as well as my eyes, on that vivid representation of the judgment of Solomon, which, though Philip admires it, tempts me to laugh. "I must, for she will not be spared to me yet, I'm sorry to say."

"*You* want to go with him, I suppose?" the old man asks me, rather suddenly. But Philip firmly interrupts this question, though still quite kindly.

I wish this stranger would go away and leave us, and yet I can see that Philip would think the wish unkind; for if this solitary old man likes to talk a little on a holiday afternoon, surely it is good-natured to let him.

So, thinking this, I turn and look over the gallery, and make a commonplace remark to the little old gentleman about the splendor of those things our Prince has lent us.

"What use are they?" he asks me, snappishly. "Are you *both* artists, then, with no notion of being useful in the world?"

"I think we have our notions," Philip answers, still forbearing and patient with this uncomfortable old gentleman. Then I turn away again, for there is always room for thought among the pictures, and I do not listen any more until Philip touches my hand, as he gayly questions his companion—

"Is your experience very wide, Sir?"

I am not sorry to look away from that painting of a sunset on the sea, for, beautiful as it is, it reminds me so of what those days and nights have been while I have thought Philip was going to sail so far from me, and he never guesses that I turn with such a happy smile because he is not going to leave me.

"I've had experience enough," the stranger answers, grimly. "There is no need of a wide one on such a narrow subject. I've learned that men have but two reasons for marrying. If a man has more brains than are necessary to guide his own affairs, he takes some one else's in hand—and marries. If a man has more money than he can spend on himself, he knows a wife will soon help him to spend it—so he marries. I don't know any thing about your little friend there, except that she looks amused when she ought to look sorrowful. But as there are but two kinds of women in the world, she must belong to one of them."

"How do you mean?" asks Philip, with a smile for me.

"By nature," the little old gentleman answers, readily, "a girl is formed with only one desire—that of dress. But this nineteenth century has developed a new growth, the fruit of college examinations. The brain is nursed now instead of the heart, and as for those qualities of tact and sympathy which we are weak enough to look for in a woman, why, they are not worth mentioning now—because *they* can not be dissected and reasoned on."

I know all this is most unfair, and I know that Philip considers it so too, yet I feel more amused than hurt. What I wonder over is why this strange, brusque little old gentleman should talk in this earnest sort of way to strangers, and should say disagreeable things in a manner which one can not resent.

"Have you not omitted one kind of woman," Philip asks, "whose thoughts very rarely rest upon herself at all? You forget how many there are whose lives are spent for others."

"Evidently," the stranger mutters, with that queer little grunt of his, "a man can make himself believe any thing when he seeks an excuse for marrying. Well, go on and try it. I've seen often enough the ruin it has brought, and could give you instances by the score. I once knew two young fellows who were clerks in the same office. For years they had been like brothers, when one morning one of them hung up his inky office coat, and went away—to be married. And the other, as the coat hung there, drove a nail through it into the wall, knowing his friend would never come back. He was right enough too, for this friend—a bright, merry lad, with a true and loving nature—was just the one to make a thoughtless marriage." (This with a shrewd, slow glance from Philip's face to mine.) "Before her marriage she had never shown him either her selfishness or her ill temper, and had even kept from him the fact that she was sickly. But directly afterward he knew it all only too quickly. She was constantly ailing, constantly complaining, exacting impossible service, and entailing ruinous expense. He never complained; he worked hard at a business he hated, because he could not otherwise supply her with the delicacies she fretted for. He devoted to her all he earned; gave her every hour of his leisure; never between business hours left the close room where she allowed no breath of air; came home from his hard day's work to the harder work of trying to cheer her, and went back to his day's work after a night which had known no rest. No one came and tempted him from this terrible life, until one day (after six years had passed without one single day or night of holiday for him) he stood beside her bed with such a strange and awful look upon his face that she sprang up as if she never had felt herself powerless. 'Lie still, dear,' he said, quite quietly, by force of habit. 'Others will nurse you now. I can not. I am ill, and my—brain—is gone.' He died soon after that, in the asylum, and she lives still. But his fellow-clerk, a single man, of course, is one of the richest men in— What need to tell you where? Such stories are common enough."

I have risen, and am longing to go away, yet still that strange note of pathos in the old man's voice stirs me strangely. I picture *father* in this solitary bitter mood, and all the while my heart beats with gratitude to think that he is so different—so different.

"Young men won't be warned," he goes on, as Philip rises too, and quietly takes my hand in his. "Well, I suppose you can't help marrying, any more than you can help dying. It's your fate. But you should be prepared for the one as much as the other. These romantic sorrows and partings in your courtship are easy to be borne in comparison with the little wearing, wearying bickerings of married life. Aren't you afraid of them?"

"We can not judge," Philip says, his face full of fun, "until we try them."

"Did you ever hear the Russian proverb, 'Those who wed once wail always?'"

"A Russian bachelor wrote that," laughs Philip. "But if you object to an Englishman's idea, let me remind you how a Frenchman said, 'There are two lovely things in the world—women and roses.'"

"But not *wives* and roses. We all know that a man, when he marries, walks blindfold, if he is a working-man, into poverty and discomfort; if he is rich, into debt and loneliness."

Philip bows, with a haughtiness I never saw in him before. "If you are rested, dear," he says, in his gentle way, looking at me with oh! such a contradiction of all this stranger has been saying, "we will go round the gallery."

But suddenly now, because we are going to leave him, the old gentleman seems to me so solitary and so old that I offer him my hand (for he has said no word against Philip) as I speak to him.

"Even *I* can not agree with what you have said," I say, quietly, "because, though I have had no experience myself of married life, I know that my own father—though quite poor—was very, very happy."

I suppose it is seeing my eyes fill with tears that makes the old man answer me more disagreeably even than he had spoken at all before. "Don't drag in past-and-gone experiences," he says, looking quite away from us.

"I think," Philip says, his voice quite gentle, now that he hears a tremble in that of the old man, "that perhaps you have read too many sad experiences. I am not a very great reader, but somewhere I have seen it said that man fixes the Jacob's ladder into the earth, but woman soars on it up to heaven. I like to think we follow."

"There, I won't keep you," the old gentleman says then, with an impatient gesture of the hand. "Go now, and talk me over as an old snarling lounger."

A strange slow shadow falls over the old gentleman's face as he says this, and Philip sees it as well as I. So he speaks again quite cordially, pressing my hand within his arm, as a sort of unspoken apology to me. "I suppose you prefer staying here. I'm afraid you enjoy silence and solitude best."

"Why should you be *afraid?*" the stranger inquires, sharply. "Are we *all* expected to laugh, like yourself? A sensible man doesn't laugh if he hears no wit. Good-day to you."

His nod of dismissal relieves me greatly, because now we can go without seeming unkind; but once when I look across the gallery, I find this strange old gentleman watching us intently—watching only us in all the crowd.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday, 10.—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 17.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Sunday, 24.—Sexagesima Sunday; St. Matthias.

THE discussion of future punishment may be said to have taken possession of the pulpits of the country. Mr. BEECHER's famous sermon has been published under his own supervision; Canon FARRAR's two Westminster Abbey discourses have been printed in this country; Professor SWING has added his contribution to the debate; ministerial meetings have put themselves on record in resolutions and votes; volumes written on the subject years since, and which have slept a long sleep on the booksellers' shelves, are taken down, purchased, and read. It can not be said that our age is wholly material, and that it takes no interest in the questions which touch the principles of the Divine government of the world. Some good men have taken alarm. A noted theological professor is said to have closed a recent lecture in these words: "We have fallen on evil times. We are to have no punishment in the future world, or, if any, very brief; as for the Sabbath, that is only a relic of sour Puritanism, and if we have any, there must be but one service, that very short; and the only orthodox doctrine that remains is that of an increase of salary." This is bitter, but hardly just. All the exhibitions of theological opinion so far made show no divergence by the majority of the Christian teachers from the standards of their Churches. Meanwhile a sober discussion of this or any other question which bears upon the destiny of men will do good in the end.

The tenth anniversary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions (Congregational) was held in Boston January 15 and 16. There are under its care in foreign lands 67 missionaries and 58 Bible-readers, 18 boarding-schools, 49 village and day schools, besides homes for girls in Constantinople, Kioto, Madura, and Dakota. The receipts for the year were larger than they have ever been before—$84,630; this sum added to the balance on hand in January, 1877, makes a total income of $106,338. This society does its work through sixteen branches, over 1300 auxiliary societies, and more than 400 children's circles.

The Boston Tabernacle will be re-occupied by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY, assisted by Messrs. WHITTLE and M'GRANAHAN, for a series of services beginning February 3, and continuing six weeks. It is said that the attendance at the Hartford Rink is greater in proportion to the population of the city than the evangelists have ever had. At the afternoon meeting on Sunday, January 20, 4000 women were present. In the evening there was almost as large an assemblage of men. The accident at Tariffville has deepened the feeling displayed by the worshippers. The Congregational church at Norfolk, Connecticut, held a thanksgiving service on Sunday, January 27, for the safety of seventy of the inhabitants of the town who were on the fatal train, but escaped without harm.

At the anniversary of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school and Tract societies, held in Springfield, Massachusetts, January 19–21, facts were reported which show a great expansion of Sunday-school literature. The maximum circulation of the *Sunday-school Journal* (devoted chiefly to the exposition of the International Lessons) was, in 1877, 133,000 copies; of the *Sunday-school Advocate*, a semi-monthly, 250,000 copies; of the picture lesson papers (monthly), 146,000; of the Berean lesson leaf (monthly), 1,250,000. The whole number of pages of every description published by the department at New York during 1877 was 111,261,000. There are under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church 19,872 Sunday-schools, having 1,511,022 scholars. The increase of schools for the year is 399, and of scholars 64,995.

The Rev. Dr. WILLIAM NEWTON, of Philadelphia, has announced his purpose to leave the Protestant Episcopal and to enter the Reformed Episcopal Church, in a long letter to Bishop STEVENS, of Pennsylvania. He assigns as his reason that "sensationalism on the one hand or formalism on the other must characterize the ministrations of the pulpit, or by some means the incumbent must be got rid of." The *Episcopal Register*, of Philadelphia, reprints a letter written by Dr. NEWTON in 1873 to Dr. CUMMINS, in which the proposal of the formation of a new Church is strongly condemned. It would promote the interests of peace if changes of this description were made with as little crimination and recrimination as possible. That ministers will and do transfer themselves from one denomination to another we see every day. Whenever this is done on grounds of conscientious conviction, it would be as well to have as few words as possible.

There is a prospect of the union of the New York and Boston American Tract societies. The *Congregationalist* of January 16 states that representatives of the New York society were in Boston the preceding week, "giving the question of consolidation a careful study."

The Church of the United Brethren reports, for the close of 1877, 42 Annual Conferences, 4067 organized churches, 148,763 members, 2059 ministers, $335,072 paid for ministers' salaries, and $83,648 collected for missions. There are 2003 church edifices and 301 parsonages. The total of contributions for all purposes was $638,060. This Church has five bishops, and is governed by a General Conference. It sustains seven colleges, five academies, and a Biblical school. There is also a publishing house at Dayton, Ohio, which is owned and controlled by the Church.

The effect of the MURPHY temperance meetings in Troy has been unprecedented, even in Mr. MURPHY's experience. Sixty-six per cent. of the criminal cases in the city have fallen off, saloons have been closed for want of customers, and a liquor-dealer, formerly very prosperous, has stated that on one day his receipts were but one dollar. The ministers of Troy have given Mr. MURPHY hearty support. The number of pledge-signers is variously stated; one report makes them 40,000. Mr. MURPHY is now in Springfield, Massachusetts, but will go soon to Washington.

The American Colonization Society still holds on its way, though its work now attracts less attention than in the slave-holding period. The receipts for 1877 were $12,053, and the disbursements $12,639; the balance in the treasury January 1, 1878, was $1494. The emigrants last sent out were of a superior class, which is a very encouraging fact. Three of them were graduates of colleges; others were mechanics. Some of them paid their own passage. As many as 3189 emigrants have gone from the United States to Liberia since the war; altogether 15,227 have been sent out by the society. The disposition of the freedmen to migrate is represented to be strong and growing. Organizations to promote emigration are forming in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida. The Colonization Council of Louisiana has on its roll 71,000 names; the Liberia Association of South Carolina is said to have the names of 100,000 persons who wish to emigrate.

It is dangerous to make sweeping assertions, as the Rev. Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, pastor of the City Temple of London, has recently found. In his last Christmas sermon he said: "This country is drinking more intoxicating drink than it ever did, has more paupers than it ever had, pays more magistrates than it ever paid, has more prisoners than it ever had, and is more shocked and stunned by daily crime of the most aggravated kind than at any previous period of its history." The moral condition of a country so conspicuous as England is worth knowing, and is especially important to us who speak the same language and are connected with it by so many ties. The figures, as taken from *Whittaker's Almanac*, contradict Dr. PARKER. The number of paupers in England and Wales in receipt of relief January 1, 1871, was 1,081,926; at the same date in 1876, 749,593; in 1877, 732,523. The number of criminal convictions for 1870 in the United Kingdom was 18,437; in 1876, 16,578. In 1875 the total sum spent in England and Wales for the relief of paupers was £7,488,481; in 1876, £7,335,858. In 1860 the schools inspected by the government in Great Britain were 7272, with an average attendance of 884,234 scholars; in 1870 the inspected schools were 10,949, with an attendance of 1,453,531; in 1876 there were 17,787 inspected schools, with an average attendance of 2,340,277 scholars. This is progress in the right direction.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN more than half-seas-over was observed one day supporting the parapet of the North Bridge, Edinburgh, shaking his head and repeating to himself, sadly, "It must be done, it must be done." An old lady passing by, thinking he contemplated suicide, said to him, "What must be done, my man?" "Must go home and face my wife," was the woful answer.

A man recently knocked down an elephant, a lion, and a rhinoceros. He was an auctioneer.

"My dear," asked Mrs. J—— of her husband, on coming home from church the other day, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets?" "The ladies' faces," was the bland reply.

A gentleman named More proposed by letter to a young lady, who answered him with a glowing description of the last party, emphasizing the last line of her note, "So no More at present."

DINNER À LA RUSH—A meal in a city restaurant.

GOOD PARTNERS AT CARDS—A chimney-sweep and a bugler. One can follow soot, and the other can trumpet.

The wife who is presented with a new water-proof by her husband exclaims, "Water-proof of affection!"

Snoring is now politely described as indulging in sheet music.

It is better to love a man you can never marry than to marry a man you can never love.

Why are actors like Arabs?—Because, previous to taking the road, they invariably look to their dates.

"TAKING" DAMSEL.—A young person advertising in a London newspaper for a situation, announces her ability to "take Glasgow, country, England, or abroad."

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty-seven, with false teeth, and said, "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim."

PEACE WITH A *WAR* MEASURE.

ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE.

The recent matrimonial alliance between the young King of Spain and his cousin the Princess Mercedes has about it an element of romance not often to be found in royal marriages. For once, in arranging the future of crowned heads, state-craft has not set at defiance the claims of Cupid, and there is as fair a prospect of domestic happiness for the young couple as if their social positions were of the most humble character. Since the young Alfonso has been called to the throne made vacant by the terror-stricken flight of Amadeus, all the princesses of Europe have been passed in turn before the mental review of Spanish statesmen, in the hope that one might be found who could be considered a suitable partner for the youthful monarch. Fortunately for the young pair who are now united, there was not to be found in any Catholic court of Europe any maiden of such age and rank as would make her eligible for the exalted position of Spanish Queen. Thus it was that the wise heads that rule affairs in Spain were finally led to indorse the choice made by Alfonso during those years when it seemed improbable that his youthful head would ever be encumbered with a crown.

The history of Spain during the last thirty years has been sufficiently replete with political excitement and revolution to rival that of France during the first half of the present century. Scarcely had the troublous days of the Carlist rebellion passed when a contest arose between Espartero, the Regent, and the Dowager-Queen Christina for the supreme power during the minority of the young sovereign Isabella II. In 1840 Queen Christina was compelled to resign all interest in the government, and the year following Espartero was appointed to supply her place until the young Queen should have reached her majority. For two years he guided the helm of state with energy, firmness, and ability; but in 1843, by an unscrupulous combination of parties naturally inimical to each other, the Moderados and the Republicans, his fall was accomplished, and he retired to England as an exile. In 1847 he returned to Spain, and there resided as a private individual until 1854, when the wretched despotism and profligacy with which the name of Queen Christina is associated caused an insurrection of the people. This general uprising resulted in the banishment of the Dowager-Queen, and Espartero was again called to the head of the government. This time also he held the reins of power for two years, when he was supplanted by General O'Donnell.

Under this leader Spain became involved in a war with Morocco. Smarting under a series of outrages offered her vessels by pirates ranging about the coasts of the latter country, the government demanded compensation, and also an apology for an insult offered the Spanish flag at Ceuta. On the Sultan's disclaiming all responsibility for these acts, war was declared by Spain in October, 1859, and a large force, led by General O'Donnell himself, invaded Morocco. Two battles were fought, several ports were bombarded, Tetuan was taken, and in March, 1860, the Sultan yielded. A treaty was signed the month following, by which that ruler ceded some portions of his territory, paid 20,000,000 piasters toward the expenses of the war, and granted several commercial privileges to Spanish merchants. In

THE PRINCESS MERCEDES.

1864 Spain was again at war, and this time with Peru. On the 14th of April the Spaniards took possession of the Chincha Islands, and demanded indemnification for alleged outrages on some Basque emigrants. In January, 1865, terms of peace were offered by the Peruvian government, and accepted, but proving offensive to the people of that country, an insurrection broke out. A change took place in the government, which resulted in an alliance with Chili and a renewal of the war with Spain. In February, 1866, the combined fleets of Peru and Chili defeated the Spanish squadron off the island of Chiloe, and in the following May another severe repulse took place at Callao. In 1869 plenipotentiaries were appointed to meet at Washington. An indefinite truce or general armistice was concluded in April, 1871. Six years later Spain was agitated with another insurrection, led by that able and doughty warrior, General PRIM. In 1867 occurred the flight of Queen ISABELLA, followed by abdication, and the formation of a provisional government, with SERRANO as President and PRIM as Minister of War. At this time a constitution was adopted which provided for a Senate and a Congress, together with a monarchical form of government. In June, 1869, the regency was conferred on Marshal SERRANO. The Republicans, who had warmly opposed the Constitution, did not relax their efforts against the government, and the Carlist leaders also caused some disturbance. An energetic search was made for a king, and the choice fell upon the Duke of Aosta, second son of VICTOR EMANUEL, who was declared sovereign ruler of Spain in November, 1870. AMADEUS I., as he was styled, soon found the Spanish throne no enviable position for an alien prince. At the end of a year he ingloriously ran away, thinking, probably, that an Italian dukedom was better than a crown which brought with it continual fear of assassination.

Following AMADEUS came ALFONSO. He was called with reluctance, for he comes from a family whose record is not good, and the influence of his mother was justly feared. Still, he possessed the virtue of legitimacy, which in a measure entitled him to his place at the head of the Spanish nation. When called to the throne he was scarcely more than a child in years and training, and thus gave full opportunity for his ministers to pursue whatever policy they deemed best. Born in November, 1857, and crowned in December, 1874, the young King has scarcely yet reached an age when he could have distinguished himself as a sovereign, and so far the most important event of his life has been his choice of a Queen. In this, to all appearance, he has shown exceptional wisdom. The Princess MERCEDES, if report may be trusted, is winning and gentle, and in every way fitted to grace a throne. Although of French extraction on her father's side, she is described as thoroughly "Spanish in spirit," and disposed to be indignant at any imputation which shall cast upon her the reproach of being a Frenchwoman. Apparently in a marriage with her there is a bright promise for happiness both for the King and the Spanish, if they can be persuaded to forget the single blemish which they are disposed to find in this fair and virtuous Queen.

At the time of the announcement of the intended marriage between the young couple great dissatisfaction was expressed in all classes of Spanish society, from the banished Queen herself down to the humblest of her former subjects. The difficulty apparently lies in the past record of the Duke of Montpensier, father of the Princess MERCEDES. The entrance of this nobleman upon the scene of Spanish politics was not of a character to secure him a fund of popularity at the beginning of his career. Nor was his conduct, either in public or in private, during the reign of ISABELLA II., such as to conquer for him the favor of a people so captious and jealous of foreigners as the Spaniards.

Be this as it may, the youthful loves of ALFONSO and MERCEDES have not been sacrificed to Spanish indignation toward the Duke of Montpensier. The young couple were married on the 23d of January at the Atocha Cathedral, Madrid. At half past ten in the morning the royal bridegroom, attired in a splendid toilet, and attended by a suite every member of which glittered with the bravery of costume appropriate to the occasion, left the palace and made his way to the church. Here he awaited the arrival of the Princess MERCEDES, who, as the clock struck eleven, arrived at the sacred edifice in company with the Duke of Montpensier, necessarily prominent on this occasion in spite of the aversion with which he is regarded by the Spanish people. The opportunity for a long and impressive ecclesiastical display was thoroughly improved by those who had the marriage ceremony in charge. After the young couple were united in the bonds of holy matrimony according to the elaborate ceremonial of the Roman Church, a high mass was celebrated, followed by a "Te Deum," which consumed the time until one o'clock. The church was filled with a distinguished assemblage, which included the Queen CHRISTINA and her husband King FRANCISCO, grandmother and grandfather of the bridegroom. France, Austria, Russia, and England were represented by their various ambassadors. The Apostolic Ablegate made a prominent figure; while among the crowd of lesser personages were foreign ministers, senators, deputies, and other dignitaries, including nearly the whole aristocracy of Spain.

Upon the conclusion of the ceremonies the young King and Queen took their place in the procession which was to escort them to the palace. The enthusiasm displayed by the populace was scarcely in harmony with the dissatisfaction shown while the marriage was only in contemplation. Somehow, in the case of nations as in that of individuals, when a matrimonial alliance becomes a *fait accompli*, the objections that have been urged against it are usually allowed to pass into oblivion. Bells were rung, the artillery fired salutes, the cheering suggested injury to all the bronchial tubes in Spain, while the decorations that appeared on almost every dwelling were expressive of the highest measure of approbation. Spain dearly loves a pageant, and this one in honor of the marriage of the young King was as imposing as the ingenuity of the masters of ceremony could make it. One feature of the wedding was the magnificent presents received by the bride. The genius of the Duke of Montpensier for accumulating wealth is well known. On this occasion he parted with his gains to the extent of $5,000,000, in order to endow his daughter in a manner suitable to her new position. The King presented to his bride a portrait of himself set in brilliants, together with several magnificent articles of jewelry. The state awarded no donation to the Queen, but in the event of her surviving her husband she is to receive a pension of 250,000 piasters. The wedding ring was sent from Rome, a present from the Pope, who bestowed upon the golden circlet his pontifical blessing before confiding it to the care of the Ablegate. As godfather of the King he also presented the bride with a rose of diamonds.

It will be many days before Spain reaches the end of the rejoicings instituted to celebrate the marriage of her King. The city of Madrid will be illuminated for days; there are to be special performances in all the theatres, not to speak of the national amusement of bull-fighting, which the populace will be allowed to enjoy to its heart's content. There will also be a season of Italian opera, to last for six weeks. Last, but by no means least in the list of brave doings, large sums of money will be distributed to the poor, and new foundations will be established for the welfare and assistance of poor scholars. Spain is at present happy in the festivities attendant upon the nuptials of her sovereign. It is to be hoped that the possession of a gentle and affectionate Queen, who will set the nation an example of virtuous living animated by noble aspirations, will do much toward allaying the strife of political factions and calming the restlessness of her people.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

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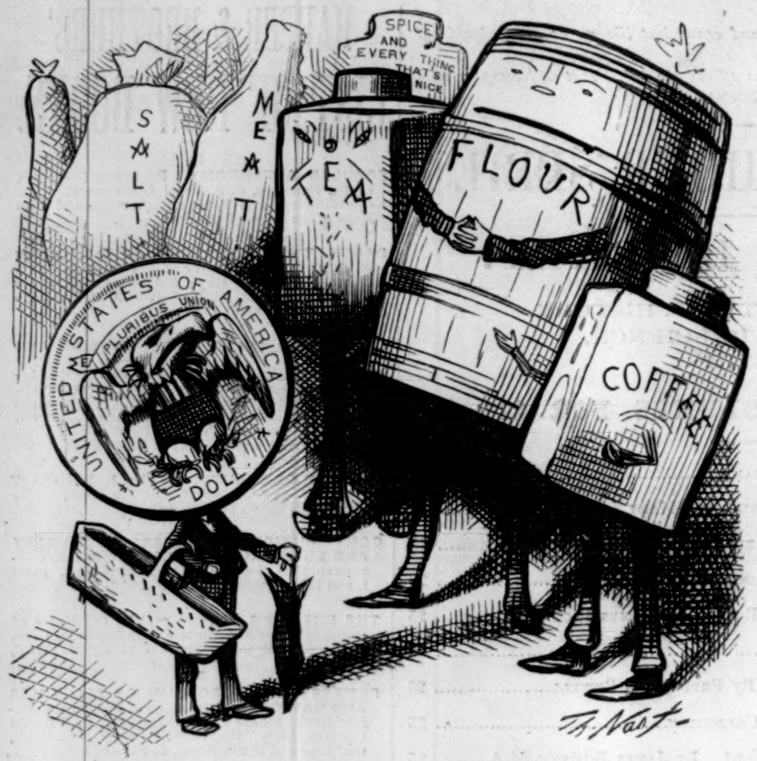

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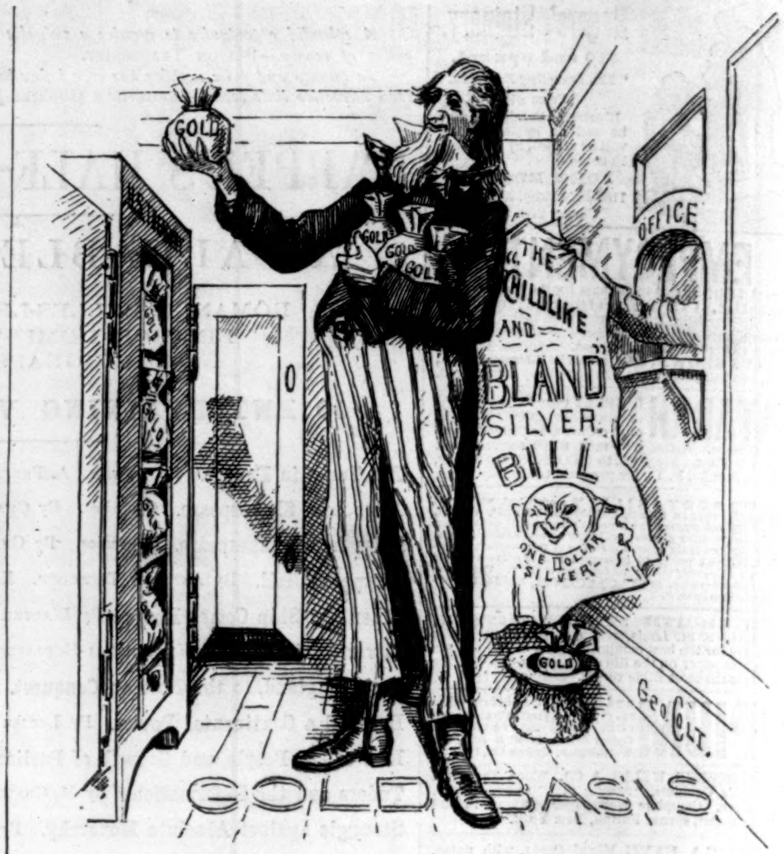

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IF I, Lucilla Brett, begin at once by stating that I never was in love with any man, and that I have the soundest reasons for believing that no man was ever in love with me, it will be evident that I may claim to be an outsider with peculiar facilities for seeing most of the game of life. Played on the large scale or on the small, for big stakes or for the little ones which seem so trumpery to the bold players in the great world, but which are immeasurably great to those who risk them, being their all, this game is of unflagging and unvarying interest. I, who have watched it, so to speak, from the velvet-cushioned benches, under the blaze of the gas lamps, within easy view of the green tables, and the preoccupied faces of the players, do honestly protest that I have been more moved by the quiet, fireside, insignificant games, whose issues have never been heard of outside the limits of a country village and its church-yard, than by the bold and magnificent ventures which have agitated Society, and found record in the archives of capital cities.

Very little needs to be told about me in connection with the short and simple story which, in my capacity of outsider, I am about to narrate. I can introduce myself and make my relation to the people concerned plain in a few sentences. I am an old maid, unfeignedly contented with my lot in life, possessed of a small independence, with plenty to do, and many to care for, free from sentimental regrets, with honest and respectable antecedents to look back upon, and not the least scrap of any thing that can be called a story in my own life. When my parents died within a week of each other, at a good old age, my nearest remaining relative was the Reverend Edward Brett, a nephew of my father's, and vicar of Wensley, a sea-side place in Lancashire. He was a widower with one daughter, aged eighteen. I had heard of Florence Brett as a very pretty girl with a splendid gift of singing—"a fortune in her voice, if she had not been a parson's daughter," people said; but I had never seen her when her father invited me to take up my abode at his house for a time.

I arrived at Wensley Vicarage on a beautiful evening in June. The sea was murmuring and sparkling within a mile of the house, the scent of the hay fields was abroad in the air, and mingled with that of the roses and jasmine which clustered over the front of the house, and wreathed the stone settings of the wide bow-windows.

Beneath the windows was a grassy lawn, and on the edge of it, a straw hat filled with flowers hanging on her arm, stood a nut-brown girl, in white muslin and black ribbons, who formed the prettiest picture I had ever seen as I first caught sight of her—a picture which remains stored up in my memory, and which I recall at will. Sunny nut-brown curls, sparkling nut-brown eyes, a clear brunette complexion, a light form, and an air of joyous youthfulness—those were what I saw when the girl came up to welcome me, and Edward Brett said,

"Cousin Lucilla, this is my daughter Florence."

I was not formidable, though I was forty and an old maid, and by the time the traveller's meal, "high tea," was ready, Florence and I were friends. She placed me at the table, and then took her own seat, opposite to her father. A fourth chair was set, but it was not occupied. Presently a young man came in, carrying a big bunch of honeysuckle, which he laid beside Florence's plate, as he greeted her and the vicar with easy gayety.

"Mr. Harding, my pupil," said Mr. Brett, introducing the new-comer to me. I saw a good-looking young fellow, with a fine figure and a weak face. The features were well cut, but the expression lacked force and depth, and their coloring was too delicately tinted for the face of a man, and when Mr. Harding spoke his voice had a trivial sound. I saw, also, that when he placed the flowers by her side, the color brightened on Florence's cheek and the light danced in her nut-brown eyes.

The June evening deepened into a serene, warm, starry night; and I, feeling no fatigue, sat by the open window, inhaling the odor of the flowers, and occasionally catching the sound of the sea, in pauses of the delicious music which filled the room, and filled my heart with feelings half sweet, half painful, as the voices of the young man and the girl blended in perfect harmony.

"We have sung your aunt to sleep," said a voice when the music ceased. I explained to Mr. Harding that I was not asleep, and Florence explained that I was not her aunt; but she dropped, somehow, into calling me "Aunt Lucilla" from that night.

A happier household, or one whose life it would be more easy to read off, than that of my cousin Edward Brett, it would be difficult to find. There were no skeletons in the deep and commodious cupboards; the looker-on at the game of life as played there had no secrets to surprise; all was above-board and "on the square." The father and daughter, although totally different in character, were admirably suited as companions, and Florence's was one of those sunny natures which take happiness for granted, and, so taking it, deal it out largely to those around. Edward Brett was a model parson, and the friend of all his people, especially the poor among them; but he was of studious tastes and absent-minded—a man who would leave every body in his house absolutely free to do as he or she liked, and be entirely unaware of what it was they liked to do. I settled down at once into my place—a very happy place—at the Vicarage, and all went well.

"Who is Mr. Harding, Florence?" I had asked on the morning after my arrival. "And how comes he to be your father's pupil as he does not live in the house?"

"He is the nephew of Mr. Harding, of the Chase—that large place on the hill as you come from the station, and he is on a visit to his uncle. I believe his health broke down in London. Papa offered to let him read with him, so that he might not lose time."

"And what profession is he reading for?"

"I don't think it is quite settled yet—Civil Service, or something, I believe."

"He is over the age, my dear."

"Is he, Aunt Lucilla?" with the sweetest smile. "Then I suppose it will be something else."

That my fair cousin was deeply, if unconsciously, interested in the future of this young gentleman was sufficiently evident to me to induce me to observe him pretty closely, and the result of a few days' study of him (he was a daily visitor) may be briefly stated. The vagueness which seemed to attend his prospects and intentions also pervaded his character. I heard him pronounced to be charming, but he did not charm me, though I could appreciate his good looks and his pleasant ways as well as another. People who don't exactly know about things, and especially about what they are going to do with that important trust, their future, worry me; and Mr. Frank Harding was essentially one of them. I could not help wondering how it was that his health had broken down from overstudy in London, if he had been, as I was given to understand, as much his own master there as he was at Wensley, for here he was any thing but a diligent pupil. There was no lack of pleasant society at the Vicarage, where Florence's young friends were received in an easy and informal way; but I soon perceived that none of them had the power to bring such a color into Florence's cheek, or such a dancing light into her eyes, as the color and the light which I had noted on my first evening at Wensley. I noted them afresh every day under similar circumstances, and I soon began to wish that somebody with a right to do so would find out all about Mr. Frank Harding, especially whether he was the sort of man to whom my cousin ought to commit the happiness of his motherless daughter. I believe I was foolish in a portion of this wish, and that my folly arose from ignorance; if I had ever been in love with any body, if any body had ever been in love with me, I should have known that the time when precautions of that kind might have availed was past, and that Florence had committed her happiness into the hands of Frank Harding without her own knowledge or any body's leave.

The people from the Chase—as a heavy, massive, wealthy-looking house, standing in formal shrubberies, and inclosed by prim palings, was absurdly called—were important parishioners of Edward Brett's, though new-comers in the parish. Mr. Harding was a pompous person, with a stiff neckcloth and a manner to match. He had amassed a considerable fortune in trade, and though he had nominally retired, he was understood to retain a large interest in his former firm, and to do a good deal of a kind of business known, as I now for the first time learned, as "financiering." His wife was a subdued little woman, with a face that had been pretty, and apparently only one object in life—the avoidance of expressing any opinion for which her husband would snub her. She dressed expensively in execrable taste, never looked comfortable in her fine clothes, and had a disconcerting way of starting when she was spoken to. These were all the notes I made about Mrs. Harding, who was the completest embodiment of insignificance I ever had an opportunity of contemplating. She had no children, and she was entirely indifferent to her husband's nephew—indeed, I fancy she was entirely indifferent to every body in the world, except Mr. Harding. Him she may perhaps have loved: I do not know about that, but I am quite sure she feared him. He was a good deal away from Wensley; sometimes he went to London, sometimes to Liverpool, and on those occasions Mrs. Harding would generally make one or more of her tepid, uninteresting visits to the Vicarage, when she would start less, talk more freely, and partake of luncheon or afternoon tea with a better appetite.

"Your nephew is quite an adept at lawn tennis," I said to Mrs. Harding one day when a merry group of young people were amusing themselves at that game, and I was very hard up for something to say to the lady of the Chase, who, on this beautiful summer afternoon, was attired in a plum-colored satin gown and an India shawl with a blue centre.

"Yes," she answered, softly. "I believe he's reckoned very good at games. But he isn't *my* nephew, Miss Brett."

"I beg your pardon," I said, conciliatingly, for there was a little touch of offense in Mrs. Harding's voice, which I remarked, thinking at the same time that she would not have said this if Mr. Harding had been present. "We get into inaccurate ways here, you know. They call *me* Aunt Lucilla, and I am only a cousin. I should have said Mr. Harding's nephew. He is quite an acquisition in a country house."

"I dare say. I am more for young men being useful than ornamental." The inane little woman seemed to find a kind of relief in saying this, and I discerned that she had a pet grievance whose name was Frank Harding. I preserved a discreet silence.

"I'm sure it's very kind of Mr. Brett to take so much interest in Frank," continued Mrs. Harding, in a comfortable, purring sort of voice which I am quite sure Mr. Harding never heard, "and I hope it won't be thrown away; but for my part, I'm for young men making up their minds what they're going to be, and being it at once, and not changing about from one thing to another; especially when other people have to pay for all the changes. Perhaps you don't know, Miss Brett, that Frank has nothing in the world but what his uncle gives him. His father was Mr. Harding's third brother, and his mother had nothing, and Frank has been a deal of trouble to his uncle as it is."

"Indeed!" I was unjustifiably curious, perhaps, unless you will take into consideration the plea that I was curious for Florence's sake. "That is not a very fortunate or secure position. Mr. Frank Harding wants stability of character, no doubt."

"He just likes to do what he likes, so long as he happens to like it," was Mrs. Harding's answer. To the last word of it succeeded one of her unpleasant and disconcerting starts; and she added, quickly, to my great surprise, "Please don't repeat any thing I have said, Miss Brett; Mr. Harding would not like it. Are you a judge of Indian embroidery? The needle-work on my shawl has been greatly admired." She extended one of the borders toward me as she spoke, and at the same moment I became aware that Mr. Harding was approaching the place where she and I were seated under the spreading branches of an elm. Edward Brett was with him, and presently Mr. Harding was explaining that he had found himself able to return to the Chase a day earlier than he had expected, and had come on to the Vicarage on learning that his wife was there. Then we four remained under the tree, whence we could see the tennis-players. The spectacle was a pretty one. It ranges itself in my memory alongside of that which I had contemplated on my first evening at Wensley.

Presently Frank Harding came up to us, and addressed me: "Miss Brett wants you to come and look on at the game," he said. "She says she promised to make you understand it in one lesson."

I rose and accompanied him to the spot, at the far side of the net, at which Florence was standing, the centre of a group of girls and boys.

"We're going to play a regular match, Aunt Lucilla," said the girl, as she smiled and nodded her thanks to Frank Harding, "and you're to watch it carefully. Godfrey Browning has set up the umbrella-tent on purpose for you, and next time you'll have to play yourself."

"You may bet on sides, Miss Brett," said Frank Harding, "if you like;" and then he whispered something to Florence, which made her look brighter and prettier than before.

"No, no, I won't do that," I answered. "But I'll tell you what I will do; I will offer a prize, and you shall name the conditions."

This proposal was received with great animation, which rose to enthusiasm when I produced from my pocket an old-fashioned but dainty little purse, formed of silver rings, linked after the old chain-mail pattern. The clasp was of prettily chased silver, the pattern being oak leaves, with pendent acorns at either end, and at the bottom of the purse hung a third acorn.

The game proceeded. I watched it closely, but without arriving at any very clear notion of its nature and conditions; and after a while I learned that Florence's side—meaning Florence and Frank—had won. How was I to adjudge the prize?

"Florence is to have it," said Frank Harding, using her Christian name, inadvertently, I dare say, for the first time in my presence. With a beautiful confusion in her face she took the purse, thanked me, and turned away, pretending to inspect it minutely, as she held it on the upturned palm of her hand. Frank leaned over her, looking at it too; but he shifted his gaze to her downcast eyelids, as he said, not so low but that I caught the words:

"Suppose I were to ask you to give it to me, some day, and with it a greater prize?"

Wensley was a straggling place, stretching along the coast in a thin line, and presenting a good deal of variety in its aspect. The Vicarage End, as our part of the parish was called, was a retired, staid, almost aristocratic, sort of neighborhood, where tall palings inclosed comfortable dwellings, and all the roads had a private look, with their grassy borders and the neat iron gates on either side, but at long intervals, which gave access to the dwellings aforesaid. But the other, or "Sea End," as the part of the parish farthest from us was called, presented quite different features; and had, even when I first saw it, something of the would-be smart little watering-place which has not yet succeeded in establishing itself securely. There was an esplanade, and a hot and cold bathing "pavilion;" there was a small hotel; and a thin line of damp-looking houses, with the modern projecting blinds which announce the affectation of a cheerful belief that summer is a lasting reality in England, was devoted to the reception of families by the season. There was also a circulating library, where the novels of the last season were to be had freely, and the novels of the present season might possibly be screwed out of the proprietor by dint of the utmost perseverance, before its close, at the rate of one copy of each for the whole list of applicants; and the inevitable shop where spar candlesticks and dreadful ornaments in every variety of ugly pebble are exposed to the dust and to the resultless scrutiny of bored loungers was in the full swing of its no business. The pert, vulgar aspect common to all places of the kind was not wanting to the Sea End of Wensley; but the sands and the sea were beautiful in spite of this; and beyond the esplanade and the baths and the pebble shop there stretched some lovely sea-side country, with which I speedily made acquaintance. The young people naturally liked the Sea End: they saw strange faces there, though not in great numbers as yet; and the circulating library was somewhere to go to. I would sometimes extend my habitually long walks far beyond the exact limits of the Sea End; and on my return be picked up by Florence in the pony-carriage, which was the only equipage boasted by the Vicarage.

On one of these occasions, as I was walking along a low ridge with the narrow strip of the southern Wensley sands below it, I observed a lady on horseback coming from the direction of the esplanade. She was walking her horse slowly on, or rather in, the verge of the sea, so that the thin line of white foam was marking its curled length on the sand on the outer side of the handsome animal's feet. The lady was young and also handsome, with a graceful figure and an assured air. A well-appointed groom followed her at a little distance, looking quite the thing in point of stolidity. I walked on, and by the time I had reached the Sea End, and found Florence waiting for me with a newish novel (it was *Sir Harry Hotspur*), I had forgotten all about the lady I had seen on the sands. No sooner were we on the way to the Vicarage, however, than Florence asked me if I had seen this lady, adding that every one was talking about the new arrival.

"She is a young widow, they say," said Florence; "and she has come here for the bathing season, and taken 12 Sea-foam Terrace. I am so glad. Papa has been so anxious about Mrs. Wheeler's venture." Mrs. Wheeler was a parishioner of Mr. Brett's, a widow, and she had invested almost all she possessed in one of the showy houses at the Sea End. "Patterson" (the circulating library keeper) "has been telling me about her. I saw her from the shop. Such a beautiful creature! and *what* a habit!"

"Did you hear her name?"

"Mrs. Dimsdale, Patterson said it was. I wonder Mrs. Wheeler has not been up at the Vicarage with the good news about the house."

Frank Harding was waiting at the gate for us, and he took the reins from Florence, and walked beside the pony up to the entrance. The manner of each to the other, the shy, tender pleasure of Florence, the little air of embarrassment toward me, these were all signs easily interpreted. Mr. Harding's reading was over for the day, and we loitered about on the lawn, while Florence talked volubly about the small adventures of the morning, and especially of the beautiful Mrs. Dimsdale, wondering whether she had any chance of getting to know her, and coming to the conclusion that she should certainly see the stranger at church on Sunday.

"Perhaps she is a Dissenter," suggested Frank Harding.

"I am sure she isn't," said Florence, with absurd warmth; "she does not look in the least like any thing of that kind."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OSMAN PASHA'S VISIT TO THE CZAR.

OSMAN PASHA, whose portrait has already been given in a recent issue of the *Weekly*, through his gallant though ineffectual defense of Plevna has won for himself a reputation for personal courage and bravery rivalling that of the most successful general. Mindful always of his own duty as an officer, he seemed never to forget that any peril into which he led his troops should in common justice be shared by himself. In the most critical moments of an engagement he was always with his men, encouraging them to do their utmost, and not only by word of mouth, but by actual entry into the fight, communicating that spirit of endurance to his troops which sustained them for so many months.

Undoubtedly OSMAN PASHA's example had a great deal to do with the manner in which the defense was maintained. He was always with his men in the thickest of the danger when occasion needed; his tent was always in full view of the enemy, and very frequently under shell fire. When they had tobacco he smoked, and when they had not he refrained. His tent was almost as cheerless as their trenches—very little more comfort. According to report, he never slept more than two or three hours at a time; the men were assured that he was awake by night as much as by day, and they never knew what moment he might appear among them. Not a man ever ventured to flinch from his post except on those occasions when, under very heavy fire, his officers threw themselves upon the ground to avoid a passing storm of shot and shell. Even this is said to have been considered a mark of cowardice by the brave commander, who is known, in a moment of excitement, to have punished such conduct by blows administered by his own hand.

The stories told of instances in which the bravery displayed by OSMAN was almost marvellous are innumerable. The correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, who followed the fortunes of the Turks at Plevna, writes:

"OSMAN seemed to bear a charmed life. Once or twice I was with him when a furious attempt was made by the Russians to destroy him, they having evidently had his tent pointed out by some Bulgarian spy; and I well recollect on one such occasion, when bouquets of six shells were thrown twice a minute at the little hill, how, with a quiet smile, he took up the camp-stool on which he had been sitting, and saying, '*Ma maison*,' with a view to indicate what he thought the enemy were aiming at, walked slowly to another little hill some thirty yards away, and there, sitting down under a tree, watched the fall of the shells as they came in and burst. Once or twice, too, when I had been in the outer works and came back, I learned that some stray shell had either fallen close to the marshal and not burst, or had passed close by him and killed one of his horses, or some such incident as that. He was always being nearly killed. So many fortunate escapes led us to hope that he would yet get through unharmed, for we had seen him in all kinds of danger—now leading on the foremost in a charge or quietly superintending the fixing of the uprights for some new earth-work, the while that the enemy's shell plunged and burst all around the little party that was helping the marshal with his fortifications. He was the mainspring of their defense, and whatever they had achieved had been owing to his splendid soldiership. A more gallant defense was never made; it was only by the most dogged resistance that the position was held against the masses of men whom the Russians and Roumanians hurled against him; and when all is known of those latter days of starvation and desperate fighting, a story will be told for which history produces no parallel."

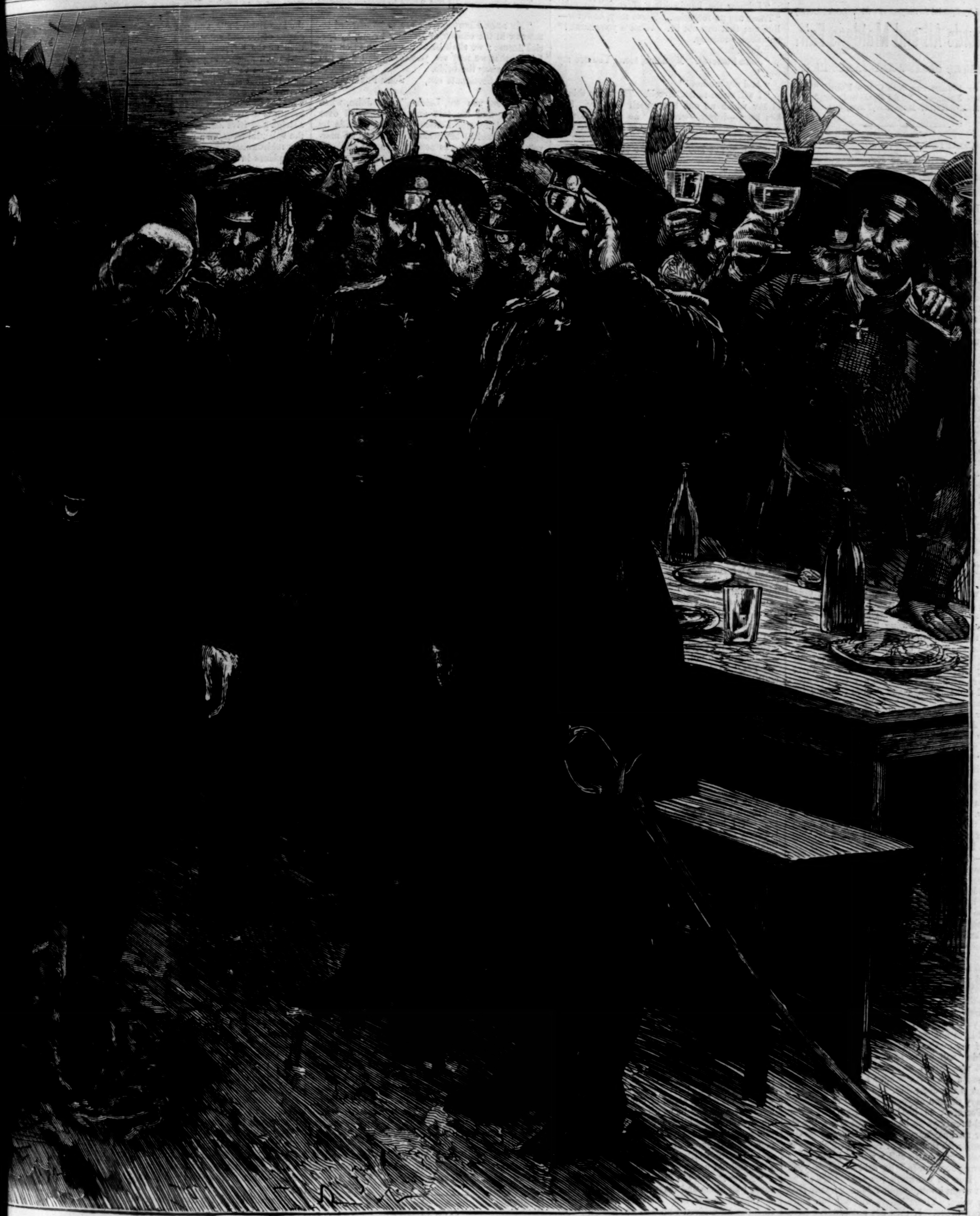
On another occasion, when the camp had re-

OSMAN PASHA BROUGHT

tired to rest for the purpose of getting some three hours' sleep, a sudden firing announced that a fierce attack had been made on the Grivitza redoubt, which was not then in the hands of the Roumanians. The alarm was no sooner sounded than out came OSMAN and with him AHMED, the Arab Pasha, a fine old artillery general, and away they rode to the fight. Riding directly to the front, they each formed a battalion for attack, and then led the two lines to the charge against the place whence blazed out the quick flashes of the Russo-Roumanian fire. The soldiers knew that the foremost man was OSMAN, and they cheered for the Mushir with such heartiness that the Russians did not wait to see what sort of a force was coming, but bolted away in the darkness, leaving some 500 of their number on the ground. Then OSMAN and his colleague came back and rode quietly to their tents, the former cheerfully remarking that he did not think the Russians would care to repeat that experiment again. But every man in the place had a tale to tell of OSMAN's bravery. The report goes that when he led the Turks against the Russians in the early August days, before he had gained the position he afterward so gallantly held, he nerved his twenty-three slender battalions to make the fight they did against the enemy solely by his repeated displays of extraordinary personal courage. The engagement which has been sensationally described by the Russians as one in which some 60,000 Turks occupied the field, was in reality maintained by a mere handful of men against at least two army corps of Russians. Hour after hour the enemy essayed to drive OSMAN back, and at length, as the day wore on, and the Pasha saw regiment after regiment of fresh Russian troops coming into the field, he threw himself into the thick of the battle, and tried, while tears of mingled rage and despair flowed from his eyes, to gain an honorable death in the midst of his gallant troops. He thought they must all be killed, and he wished to die with them. The result was not, however, as he expected. The Russians, amazed at such deeds of valor, broke and ran, leaving the field in possession of the force whose gallantry more than compensated for their want of numbers. The writer to whom we are indebted for this thrilling story says: "For the truth of this story I had the word of a man who did not live many moments after its narration, and who may be said to have told it with his dying breath."

Perhaps, however, the best testimony that can be brought to show the character of OSMAN as a general is that of his enemies, the Russians, against whom he so long and persistently fought. The correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who was by no means prejudiced in favor of the Turks, wrote as follows in a graphic letter describing the scenes
Plevna:

"We rode slowly
hills on our right
valley on our left,
Opanez. Soon we
comprising the train
There must have be
siderable number
persons, for they
Turkish women an
to think of these
that terrible circle
none of these priva
so far as the bridge
apostrophized us i
and evidently reg
Nobody paid any



GHT ... E THE CZAR AT PLEVNA.

scenes ... ed the surrender at

slowly ... Plevna, with the low
right ... ward Krishina and a
left, ... rose the heights of
on we ... of bullock wagons,
the train ... the intended sortie.
have be ... and I observed a con-
mber ... to belong to private
they ... household effects and
men and ... It made one shudder
these ... within the zone of
circle ... glad to think that
private ... probably even got
bridge. ... ugly old woman
d us in ... plain-spoken terms,
y regu... venomous hatred.
any at... clamor; but a batch

of Turkish soldiers, as she raved, discovered some curd cheese in her wagon, which they seized and devoured greedily, bringing down on themselves her railings.

"There was another halt in our slow onward progress, and the cry was heard, 'Osman!' I rushed forward, to find that it was indeed Osman Pasha, who, having heard that the Grand Duke was coming in this direction, had turned back in his carriage to meet him. Osman Pasha was escorted by fifty Cossacks, and there followed him twenty-five or thirty Turkish officers, all mounted on diminutive Turkish ponies. They were all, or nearly all, young men. Scarcely one among them seemed over thirty. Most had the faces of mere boy students. 'Are these the lads,' I inwardly exclaimed, 'with which Osman Pasha has accomplished such wonders?' The Grand Duke rode up to the carriage, and for some seconds the two chiefs gazed into each other's faces without the utterance of a word. Then the Grand Duke stretched out his hand and shook the hand of Osman Pasha heartily, and said, 'I compliment you on your defense of Plevna. It is one of the most splendid military feats of history.' Osman Pasha smiled sadly, rose painfully to his feet in spite of his wound, said something which I could not hear, and then reseated himself. The Russian officers all cried, 'Bravo!' 'Bravo!' repeatedly, and all saluted respectfully. There was not one among them who did not gaze on the hero of Plevna with the greatest admiration and sympathy. Prince Charles, who had arrived, rode up and repeated unwittingly almost every word of the Grand Duke, and likewise shook hands. Osman Pasha again rose and bowed, this time in grim silence."

The scene depicted in our engraving is exceedingly pathetic. On this occasion the brave Turkish general was brought for the first time into the presence of the Czar. At noon on the day following the surrender, his Majesty arrived at the redoubt defending the approach to Plevna by the Grivitza *chaussée*, accompanied by his retinue and the foreign *attachés*. The Grand Duke was already awaiting the arrival of the party, accompanied by the Prince of Roumania. As the Emperor approached the Grand Duke Nicholas he waved his cap in the air, shouting, "Hurrah!" in the most hearty manner. A religious service and *Te Deum* were then celebrated at an impromptu altar, after which the whole party rode into Plevna, following the less-frequented streets lest some assassin might fire upon the Emperor.

In a small house surrounded by a high stone wall lunch was served, after which there was a sudden hush, and Osman Pasha was carried into the yard and through the portico by a Cossack officer and one of his own attendants. As he passed through the crowd of staff officers every one saluted him and shouted, "Bravo, Osman." He then passed into the presence of the Emperor, who shook hands with him, and informed him that in consideration of his gallant defense of Plevna he had given orders that his sword should be returned to him, and that he could wear it. Osman was then carried out and placed in a carriage, amid the continued cheering of the Russian staff officers, to which he replied by smiles and bows.